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# METRICAL TALES,

AND

# OTHER PIECES.

---

THE LESS THEY DESERVE, THE MORE MERIT IN YOUR BOUNTY.

*Shakspere.*

---

BY THE LATE JOHN WALDRON.

LONDON:
SMITH, ELDER AND COMPANY, CORNHILL;
J. HENDERSON, MANCHESTER.

1839.

J. HENDERSON, PRINTER, MARKET-STREET, MANCHESTER.

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# DEDICATION.

To RICHARD MATLEY, Esquire,

The Hodge,

Near Mottram-in-Longdendale.

Respected Sir,

Allow me to dedicate to you this little volume of my lamented father's humble efforts in poësy, as earnest of the gratitude his widow and family entertain towards you, for your uniform kindness.

I cannot but revert with honest pride to the circumstance of my father having been in your confidential service more than twenty years; and I know that that mutual respect and esteem (which is at all times desirable between the employer and the employed,) subsisted between you up to the melancholy hour of his death: therefore, I feel persuaded, you will gladly accept this, our simple offering, in remembrance of him; and permit me to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

With many thanks,

Your much obliged and very humble Servant,

EDWARD W. WALDRON.

Manchester,
January 31st, 1830.

937703

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The Widow and family of the late John Waldron, in presenting their deceased relative's poetical effusions to the Public, have to bespeak indulgence for all imperfections; and they trust the eye of criticism will not be *too searching*, as the Work has been published under obvious disadvantages: the parent hand was wanting to correct and revise it in its progress through the press.

To those Friends, and to all those Ladies and Gentlemen, who have so zealously, so efficiently, and, in many instances, so *very* liberally, aided the publication, by kindly subscribing for one or more copies, the warmest acknowledgments of a grateful family are most respectfully and cordially tendered.

Manchester,
January 31, 1839.

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# RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

## A Tale.

I.

In the East Indies (questionless the grave
Of many an European, who in vain
Had turn'd his thoughts towards home, and hop'd to have
The joy of breathing native air again,)
Serv'd a brave soldier—luckless too as brave—
For Fortune's show'r did never on him rain;
Promotion, though deserv'd, ne'er swell'd his pride:
He enter'd in the ranks—and in them dy'd.

II.

He dy'd—day's glorious orb, of life and light
The source and nurse, was bane and death to him:
Fever rag'd in his veins, as well it might—
He left a frigid for a torrid clime.
He dy'd—but still, unconscious of his plight,
His distant parents fondly hop'd the time
Would come, and soon too, when, with pride and joy,
Lock'd in their arms, they yet might bless their boy.

III.

Time wore away, and still no letter came:
His friends exclaim'd and felt a little sore;
Of what had happen'd they did little dream;
They knew that Tom deem'd penmanship a *bore*—
(Tom to scholastic honors had small claim),
But sure his mark he might contrive to score
To letter, trac'd for him by some kind comrade:
This might be manag'd even on a drum-head.

IV.

But none yet came with this much-lov'd beginning,
"Dear father," or "Dear mother, this comes hoping"—
Oh! such kind words would pardon soon be winning,
And rapture would succeed to sighs and moping;
For now, in truth, they deem'd that he was sinning
E'en past forgiveness; and big tears, fast dropping,
Would follow their complainings—wretched state!
Suspense like theirs—what is there worse in fate?

V.

And this suspense they long did undergo:
In fact, they were but ignoramuses,
And nought of clime or country did they know;
For "quick conveyance" India famous is:
Life's thread is brittle there, tho' no dark foe
Rise vengeful—yet what most should shame us is,
We send our sons there to serve thankless masters,
Who care not or for them or their disasters.

VI.

Years thus elapsed, when lo! it chanc'd one morning
Tom's regiment thro' his native hamlet pass'd;
Of this the good old pair lack'd previous warning;
Surprise—hope—fear—at once impell'd their haste
T' assure themselves that Tom was now returning,
And joy's full measure would be theirs at last:
So close the scrutiny of sunburnt faces,
The wond'ring soldiers star'd at their grimaces.

VII.

Alas! poor Tom was nowhere to be seen;
Time and warm climes may make strange alteration,
Yet parents know the difference between
A darling son and one that's no relation:
Intuitively, love's strong glance, I ween,
Can pierce the mask of time and clime's creation;
"Tell us," they cry'd, "what is become of one—
The bravest of you all—our dear, dear son?"

VIII.

"Inform us first," said Corp'ral Harrison,
"Whether this bravest man had any name;
And henceforth, pray, make no comparison
That may disparage our good reg'ment's fame:
Brave as he was—if here, he'd dare as soon
Eat fire—what was he call'd?" "Why, Thomas Græme!"
"Tom Græme!" the corp'ral cry'd, (and wiped his eye,)
"Poor lad! he's gone into Eternity."

IX.

The soldiers now mov'd on; and truly griev'd
The cotters that their son was left behind;
Yet of all hope their hearts were not bereav'd;
For to his fate sheer ign'rance made them blind:
That he might yet return they still believ'd:
(Since keener pangs attend th' enlighten'd mind,
Who would be wise?) "Let's ask," the father cries,
"Where this Eternity he spoke of lies."

X.

"Yet be it where it may," (the old man now,
As fear subsided, wax'd into a passion,)
"Dame, be the country where it may, I vow
Tom's a sad dog to use us in this fashion;
He has forgot his earliest friends, I trow:
Once let me see him—zooks! I'll lay my ash on."
"Stop, John!" cry'd dame, "let not thy wrath get head so;
Thank God he lives!—the man as good as *said* so.

XI.

Straight to the village schoolmaster they hied:
A pedagogue much noted for his lore;
The rustic's wonder, and the hamlet's pride;
At their request he did his maps explore:
"Eternity!" the night-capt pedant cry'd,
"Why aye—I've heard of that same place before;
"'Tis in the Indies, man—but far *too small*
To be inserted in the map at all!!!"

## THE PARSON'S DILEMMA.

### A True Story.

I think by all 'twill be allow'd—
(Save by those saints whose necks are bow'd
By ranting Methodism's yoke,
Who, as the devil, dread a joke,
While their fanatic muddy brain
Ne'er kens the jest themselves sustain
In swallowing all their preacher's stuff,
Thinking they ne'er can gulph enough,)—
I say that all, save such, must own,
That, e'en in sacerdotal gown,
Humour may sometimes crack a joke
Freely—and no commandment broke.

There liv'd a rev'rend son of mirth,
From whom full many a jest had birth,
Eccentric, whimsical, and odd,
But just beside, and serv'd his God,—
Not as, I ween, some parsons do—
Oh! no—he preached and *practis'd* too.
Averse to leave a friend i'th' lurch,
He'd serve a neighbour-gownsman's church
In time of need—nay, miles a score
Would ride to serve both rich and poor.

Once on a time, as true as clock,
T' attend a rev'rend brother's flock
He came—had rode through thick and thin,
And left his palfrey at an inn,
There to regale on corn and hay,
While he in church did preach and pray.

And now the steeple's well-known chime
Proclaim'd the holy service time.
Behold him now, with sober grace,
Ascend the pastor's sacred place,
With surplice white—and clean smooth chin—

Just emblems of the soul within.
Distinct he reads the holy page,
And strives attention to engage—
Nor strives in vain—the young, the gay,
E'en libertines, "remain to pray."

Ah! how unlike some rev'rend teachers,
Some vain, affected, careless preachers,
Who care not for the souls of sinners
One-half so much as for their dinners!
Who lisp a pray'r at such a pace,
They lead our tongues a hopeless race;
Nay, with such speed sometimes they fly,
As almost to outstrip the *eye*.
O shame! our good intents are marr'd
By such—and sweet Devotion scar'd.

Turn we from *Rev'rends* so disgusting,
To one whom we could put more trust in.
And yet so frail, it is confess'd,
Is human nature, e'en at best;
So absent, and so short of sight,
The steadiest man can scarce walk right;

And thus full many a slip we see
From line of strict propriety;
And so, good man, it chanc'd with thee.

Now, quitting the Communion-table,
He chang'd his *white* gown for a *sable;*
And up the pulpit-steps he goes—
Sits in due time, and blows his nose.
The clerk, with his accustomed whine,
Gives out th' appointed hymn divine,
And bawls, in accents sweet, the line.

Look! lo! behold! what ails the parson?
Whoever carry'd such a farce on!
While heav'nly strains ascend the sky,
Behold! what terror in his eye!
His phiz like that which Quick puts on,
When Lovegold's worshipp'd treasure's gone.
See, how his pocket's depths he reaches—
His waistcoat now—and now his breeches!
Nay, now about his feet he views,
And seems inclin'd to search his shoes;
Now feels his head—his fright's so big,

No marvel if he search his wig!
Now, round and round, poor man, he turns,
His cheek with strange confusion burns.
It will not do—so small a stage
Must be too narrow for such rage.
And so it proves—for down the stair,
Like lion issuing from his lair,
He steals—by human eye unseen,
Save his who thus describes the scene:
Like guilty thing, he left the church,
And—left the people in the lurch!

Now, then, at once, we change the scene:
Presto!—*the parlour of an inn.*
Enter our parson—in a pet he
Pulls at the bell, and—enter Betty.

"Wench! know'st thou aught—(a mildew rot it,
To think this stupid scull forgot it,)
Know'st thou, I say, (rage made him hoarse,)
Aught of that excellent discourse—
My sermon, on Job's life and patience—
The first of lectures and orations!

At once chaste, simple, and sublime?"
"No, sir,—you see I ha' no' time
(Quoth Betty,) for to hear a sermon:
I negurs worse nor any carman!
Besides, to-day, we've folk to dine—
Ifecks! no easy place is mine—
I'm waiter—chambermaid—and cook"—
"Dev'l! I say—hast seen my book?
Thou slut! thou forwardest! thou boldest!
Who cares what offices thou holdest?
Zounds! tell me where my sermon's laid,
Thou waiter—cook—and chamber*maid!*"
There was a stress, ironical,
On "maid," not quite canonical.

Hearing our parson somewhat loud,
Now—at the door the landlord bow'd.

"Sir—your sweet rev'rence—sir, the case?"
Urg'd th' obsequious Boniface.
"Betty, how durst you—(fie for shame!)—
How durst you balk his worship's flame?"

"Wretch!" cry'd the priest with indignation,
"I scorn your vile insinuation—
I want my sermon—I aver
I left it *here*—and, ere I stir,
Will have it, too, from you or her!
Confound it! while we here are prating,
The congregation all are waiting.
Come, come, refund! – for, while I am able,
I'll swear I left it on *this table*."
Both jumpt: the table, as he spoke,
Resounded with a mighty stroke.

Amaz'd, and half-inclin'd to grin,
The landlord bow'd, and strok'd his chin.
"Hear me, your sanctity!" he said,
"I have offended, I am afraid;
But, sir, may all my drink turn sour—
May customer ne'er shade my door—
If I meant harm; and 'bout the sermon
I know no more than Will the Norman.
But, Betty, speak! Come, don't deny
The truth—truth is, you know, no lie;

Come, come—the book! Your rev'rence, hush!
The hussy shall confess—or *brush*."

"Why, master, as I hope for vails"—
Sobb'd Abigail, and bit her nails—
"Nay, don't protest a falsehood, vixen:
'Tis the worst method you can fix on;
The truth! or you shall find no graee—
The truth—the truth! or lose your place."

"Why, then—an' please your honor's glory—
I fall upon my knees before ye;
The matter in my mind I've turn'd,
And, sir—I think—the *sarmon's burn'd*.
I wanted paper—there it lay,
Upon the table, in my way;
And so, sir—I'll no longer fool it—
Your sarmon, sir—has *singed my pullet!*

"Enough—enough!" the parson ery'd—
"What ho! my horse! I'faith, I'll ride.
I've always thought, when danger's nigh,

'Tis best philosophy to fly.
Quick, ostler, quick! my bit of blood!
I'll spur as if old Nick pursu'd."

'Tis said that, near his journey's end,
Our worthy rector met a friend.
"How now, so quickly, and *so soon?*"
His friend exclaim'd, "'tis yet scarce noon!
Faith! you have made a short discourse;
Or you've a most surprising horse!"
"Both, both!" abruptly cry'd the priest,
In anger half, and half in jest.

"How left you the good folk at Derry?"
Inquir'd his friend. Quoth Spintext, "Merry!
All singing when I came away;
And—harkye, sir! I've this to say—
(To give his words the greater force,
The parson turn'd about his horse,)
Nose-minstrelsy I can't endure,
Professional or amateur—
But you, sir—you're a connoisseur;
You joy, I know, in strains sublime;

Content ye: *you are yet in time.*
I left them singing—now, sir, mark!
A rigid fellow is the clerk;
He'll keep them piping, might and main,
No doubt, till I appear again;
And that, sir, if I have my way,
Won't be on this side Judgment-day;
So fear not—you're in time, I say."

# THE MILLER; OR FAIR-DAY.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

I.

Girt by a brook's romantic stream
A lowly cottage stood,
Where dwelt the muse's humble theme,
A miller, just and good.

II.

No sordid stores of grain had he—
No miser's swelling hoard:
Small was his wealth; yet Charity
Presided at his board.

III.

No wretch, no beggar, from his door
E'er unregarded turn'd:
He freely fed the wand'ring poor,
And pity'd those that mourn'd.

IV.

His son (he other child had none,)
The wants of age supply'd;
And now his wife was dead and gone,
No help had he beside.

V.

Healthful and strong, to labor bred,
The boy to manhood grew—
Blithe as the birds that sought their shed,
As pure, as simple too.

VI.

One morn, as through his casement shone
Aurora's welcome ray,
And chanticleer, with gladsome tone,
Proclaim'd the rising day,—

VII.

The miller from his sleep awoke,
With cheerful dreams inspir'd;
And, hasting to his son, bespoke
The joy his soul desir'd.

VIII.

"Rise, Walter, from thy sluggish bed!
Awake, my child!" he cries;
"The shades of night have long been fled—
The sun begins to rise.

IX.

"Thou know'st to-day is Warwick fair;
And, if my dreams tell true,
There we of grain may buy our share,
And buy it cheaply too.

X.

"Monopoly his gripe shall loose,
(That monster of our day,)
And cease to press, by wealth's abuse,
On craving poverty.

XI.

"Then fetch old Robin from the stall,
And thither quickly hie;
And this, my stock of wealth, though small,
Will ample means supply.

XII.

"Still in thy mind this lesson hold,
And further counsel spare,
When aught is to be bought or sold,
Be heedful at the fair."

XIII.

The horse is from the manger brought,
All smooth and trim is he;
And Walter dons his Sunday coat,
And mounts right merrily;

XIV.

And prompts, with sounding lash, the steed.
The miller, now well pleas'd,
View'd his dear son's obedient speed,
And blest him as he gaz'd.

XV.

And, following to the rude bridge, long
He linger'd there, to catch
Each distant sound—the echoing thong,
Or gate's rebounding latch.

XVI.

Now ye, who, wild and wayward, shun
A parent's anxious care,
And love in folly's ways to run—
O listen, and beware.

XVII.

And when Temptation, fair to view,
And eloquent of tongue,
Assails—her bidding scorn to do,
If conscience says 'tis wrong.

XVIII.

But admonition, trite or choice,
Is useless, I opine,—
Will those who slight a father's voice
Incline an ear to mine?

XIX.

What "Moses and the prophets" said,
If men with scoffs receive,
Though one should rise up from the dead,
They still would disbelieve.

XX.

As Walter strays the market round,
What wonders meet the eye!
Here antics dance, and tumblers bound,
And rare equestrians fly!

XXI.

There shows invite, whose canvass glares
With grim and motly shapes:
Lions, hyenas, panthers, bears,
Boars, Buffalos, and apes;

XXII.

And zebras swift, and tigers gaunt,
That lurk in jungles green;
The mild and docile elephant—
"The largest ever seen!"

XXIII.

And birds most rare (the like ne'er flew
Beneath a British sky);
Giants and giantesses too;
And dwarfs not two feet high!

XXIV.

All these, and more—and "all alive"—
Await the view within;
While various sounds of discord strive,
And raise a deaf'ning din.

XXV.

And further on, fresh wonders rise,
The curious gaze to share:
Swift cars that aid of steeds despise,
And boats that mount the air—

XXVI.

Mann'd by a crew, young, giddy, rude,
Who scarce less danger brave
Than if they trusted steeds of blood,
Or boat upon the wave.

XXVII.

O Walter! nature's rural child!
How blest had been the day,
Had thee no baser lure beguil'd
From duty's even way!

XXVIII.

A sharper, who by chance had view'd
The youth's ingenuous air,
Like heaven's arch foe, beside him stood,
And spread the wily snare;

XXIX.

Nor spread, alas! the snare in vain,
Whose friendly-seeming guise
Allur'd where Bacchus rules the scene,
And vanquish'd Reason flies.

XXX.

Stay, Prudence, stay! O linger near!
The falt'ring youth sustain:
Give to his heart some guardian-fear,
And wisdom to his brain.

XXXI.

Stay, Prudence, stay! and from his eyes
The dang'rous film remove—
Give him to pierce the knave's disguise,
His arts, unhurt, to prove!

XXXII.

Ah! vain the pray'r! the sport's begun;
The dice accurs'd they throw.
Lo! Walter wins! the web is spun—
The tempter triumphs now.

XXXIII.

For low, I ween, the barrier's laid,
Which tranquil virtue rear'd;
Her sentinels are fled dismay'd,
And Prudence quits her guard.

XXXIV.

And Avarice uprears his crest—
His fury-train are there:
Unreal joys that cheat the breast,
False hope, and rankling fear.

XXXV.

As some wise gen'ral, skill'd in fight,
By stratagem, allures
The foe from his intrenched height,
And by that feint secures;

XXXVI.

E'en so the knave, with watchful guile,
At random seem'd to play,
Gave to the youth success awhile,
To make a surer prey.

XXXVII.

Flush'd with accumulating gain,
Walter exulting hails
Each prosp'rous cast—ah! blind and vain!
He triumphs in the toils!

XXXVIII.

In vain the lust of mammon burns—
Conflicting passions rise;
The tide of fraudful cunning turns,
And hope's chimera flies.

XXXIX.

Bereft of all—his last last stake,
Distraction seized his brain.
"Ah! yield one mite for pity's sake!"
He pleads, alas, in vain!

XL.

Down dropt poor Walter on the floor—
No friendly aid was there.
With joy the sharper grasp'd the store,
And left him—to despair.

XLI.

At such a time, in such a scene,
What various lures prevail!
And, eke, recruiting bands, I ween,
Use arts which seldom fail.

XLII.

Heard'st thou the loud drum's martial beat—
Heard'st thou the shrill-ton'd fife—
Whose sounds inspire heroic heat,
And wake the soul to life?

XLIII.

Yes—Walter hears! his bounding heart
New thoughts, new hopes engross—
*The proffer'd bounty would in part*
*Repay his present loss.*

XLIV.

Then, up he springs! grief flies his soul—
His breast new valor sways:
The drum invites with livelier roll;
The fife more sweetly plays.

XLV.

Behold him now embrace the cause;
His colors—how they glare!
While joyful comrades shout applause,
And liquor drowns their care.

## THE MILLER; OR FAIR-DAY.

### PART II.

I.

The bounty paid, he leave obtains,
To bid his friends adieu,
And home—where still his heart remains,
Though frail—yet not untrue.

II.

O curse of guilt! erewhile was fraught
With joy a father's name;
Now, as on him he sadly thought,
Shame, fear, and trembling came.

III.

As eve serenely clos'd the day,
And peaceful slept the mill,
And Phœbus, with extended ray,
Yet linger'd o'er the hill;

IV.

With Expectation's sparkling eye,
With joy too soon to fade,
Did Simon from his cot espy
Young Walter cross the mead.

V.

Like the fond sire that ran to greet
The prodigal's return,
He, joyful, hastes his son to meet,
And all his news to learn.

VI.

O Simon! speed thee not so fast—
O night! throw down thy veil—
Let joy still glow—for 'tis the last
That Simon e'er shall feel.

VII.

Too soon the old man shakes with fears—
Too soon his transport dies;
For, lo! the sign of woe appears,
And ruin meets his eyes.

VIII.

Speechless and pale, with swimming sight,
The martial badge he spy'd;
And mark'd the tear, in valor's spite,
Down Walter's visage glide.

IX.

The youth, now leaping from his pad,
Before him prostrate lay.
"Father!" he cry'd, in accents sad,
"Oh! spurn me not away."

X.

"Spurn thee, my son!" (thus spake his sire,
With falt'ring voice, and mild,)
"God! let me rather here expire,
Than spurn a suppliant child.

XI.

"No, though thy crime surpass all thought,
Nature's fond pulse will live;
The grace of heav'n is only bought
By those who can forgive."

XII.

They reached the cot—the wood-fire blaz'd;
The cleanly cloth was spread;
The tankard's foaming top was rais'd,
And sweet the home-made bread.

XIII.

But each neglects the humble fare,
And, silent, eyes the fire:
One fears his tidings to declare—
The other to inquire.

XIV.

A tear yet shone in Walter's eye:
It fell on Simon's hand,
And drew from either heart a sigh
Which prov'd them both unmann'd.

XV.

"O tell me, Walter, pr'ythee tell,
(At length the miller cries,)
What griefs thy youthful bosom swell—
What sorrow dims thy eyes.

XVI.

"O take from me this dread suspense
That racks thy father's breast;
Suspicion gives us more offence
Than doth a fault confess'd."

XVII.

Thus urg'd, (though long by shame restrain'd)
Walter the truth declar'd,
And, struck with true contrition, gain'd
A penitent's reward.

XVIII.

Now, Simon, like to Job of old,
Affliction's scourge could bear;
Yet sigh'd he oft when this was told,
And wept full many a tear.

XIX.

Not loss of wealth his bosom wrung—
That now was trifling news;
His grief from heavier tidings sprung—
*His Walter he must lose!*

XX.

He, whom he'd rear'd with tend'rest care,
His chief support and pride,
Must dangers face o'er oceans far—
Must quit his parent's side.

XXI.

"Now," did the suppliant youth exclaim,
"Let this thy grief assuage;
'Twas gain'd, alas! to heal my shame,
And cheer thy wanting age.

XXII.

"O scorn it not! for mercy's sake,
Turn, turn thee not away!
Oh! could I (robber!) give thee back
The bliss of yesterday!"

XXIII.

Thus he, with filial zeal, the purse
Long proffer'd—but in vain.
"To shun (cry'd Simon,) famine's curse,
I would not touch thy gain.

XXIV.

"Kind heav'n some solace may impart—
My mill will want repel;
Though feeble limbs and aching heart—
Such bear not labor well.

XXV.

"Then to thy love, perhaps, to owe
The wages of thy blood—
No! Be thy king thy *father* now—
Thine aim—*thy country's good.*"

XXVI.

Now quickly came the parting day—
In arms paternal press'd;
Corroding grief still bore the sway,
And swell'd the soldier's breast.

XXVII.

The rustic neighbours gather'd round—
The smile of joy was fled;
And sorrowing youth and age profound
Call'd blessings on his head.

XXVIII.

" Farewell, (he cry'd,) once happy cot,
Blest scene of former joys!
Farewell, the peasants' rural lot,
Which tumult ne'er annoys;

XXIX.

" Farewell to thee, thou honest mill!
May'st thou, O friend long-try'd!
Yield to thy owner profit still,
And constant cheer provide.

XXX.

" Farewell, my father, kindred, friends!
Far from this happy shore
Relentless Fate her victim sends,
*Never to meet you more!*"

XXXI.

Prophetic words! too soon, I ween,
Fate prov'd the boding true;
For scarce three springs had deck'd the green
With robes of vernal hue,

XXXII.

When Rumor, wing'd with rapid flight,
The hapless tidings spread,
That Walter, in a glorious fight,
Was number'd with the dead.

XXXIII.

Oft, it is said, when Rumor brings
A tale of joyless cast,
She flies abroad with fleeter wings,
And blows a louder blast.

XXXIV.

Now, right or wrong, this truth is clear,
The tidings swiftly flew,
And soon, alas, reach'd Simon's ear,
And spread the village through.

XXXV.

Grief long had been the miller's guest—
Still cherish'd night and day;
He fed the foe within his breast,
And bow'd beneath its sway.

XXXVI.

On his pale face sat wrinkled Care,
And wasted was his form;
His eyes were sunk, and grey his hair—
Sad proofs of inward storm!

XXXVII.

Like the poor tar, long tempest-tost
On Ocean's angry wave,
At last, in one dread gust, is lost—
His fate—a wat'ry grave;

XXXVIII.

So Simon heard the tale of woe,
That pierc'd his aged breast—
Resign'd, he met the fatal blow,
Then sunk to endless rest.

## RECOLLECTIONS IN AN EVENING WALK.

Come, Kate, thy knitting lay aside—thy glasses
Put back into their case—and from its nook
Bring forth my silver-headed walking-stick;
We'll taste the freshness of this summer-eve.
Yon green hill, smiling in the golden sunshine,
Invites our steps, and thither we'll repair.

How grateful is the breeze as we ascend!
And look, my Kate, how lovelily around
Nature her variegated landscape spreads!
Dark woods, and verdant meads, and glist'ning streams,
Sheep-dotted pastures, and bright fields of corn;
While the afar-off prospect, distance-soften'd,
Ends in a ridge of blue-encircling hills,
Part with the sky, commingling.

On the green,
Beneath the shade of yon wide-spreading oaks,
In joyous groups, the village youngsters play—
Their loud-tongu'd glee, and frequent peals of laughter,
Breaking the stillness of the rural scene,
But not discordantly. At intervals,
The milk-maid's cheerful song, too, may be heard;
And the sweet lowing of her evening charge,
As lazily they creep across the meadow
To yield their fragrant burden to her pail.

Turn, now, thine eye to where the village spire
O'ertops its neighb'ring yew-trees. Oh! I see
The tearful, tender smile of recollection
Play o'er thy features, like the evening beam,
Telling of former brightness. To my mind
Days past return, and beauty blooms afresh:
Mem'ry, still faithful, paints thee as thou wert,
When, in the morning of thy loveliness,
A rustic Hebe, wilful and unwise,
(For many a wealthier suitor sought thy hand,)
Thou, at the altar of that holy place,
Becam'st a poor man's bride. Ah! we have seen

Full many a change, my girl, since that fond hour;
And that same spot which gave me all my hopes—
All that my soul could wish, or heav'n bestow—
Is now the sad receptacle of friends,
Whose bones lie mould'ring.

Kate! remember'st thou
How gladsome in our ears the sweet bells sounded,
As down the winding footway from the church
We lightly tript, and thou, with blushes, heard'st
The honest wishes of the rural throng?
Ah! I shall ne'er forget it! how you trembled!
But soon (good heart!) confess'd it was for joy.
And, then, how nimbly round the festive board
Pass'd the full tankard, till October's fumes
Made e'en the priest forget his gravity;
And with old songs, or tales of am'rous import,
Sidelong to thee address'd, give deeper dye
To the vermilion of thy rosy cheek!
Now he is gone! nor mirth, nor gravity,
Nor Virtue's self, (for in his heart her throne
She rais'd, supported by all good men's blessings,)
Nor the petitions of his prostrate flock,
Could save him from the grave—and though, sometimes,

(For all men have their frailties,) he'd be won,
By love of social intercourse, to doff
His pastoral dignity, and, peradventure,
O'erstep the bounds of temp'rance; yet the tears
Of heart-felt grief, dropt on the sod that covers
His last remains of perishable nature,
Are gems in his escutcheon.

Hark! what sounds
Of heav'nly cadence float upon the breeze!
'Tis the soft warbling of night's plaintive bird,
That in yon valley pours her vesper-song,
Sacred alike to solitude and love.
Thou once, my Kate, couldst trill the tender lay
With notes scarce less melodious—
While I, of thee and of thy voice enamour'd,
Have thought the music of rejoicing seraphs
Would fail with thine compar'd. Yet think not, Kate,
I love thee less, though time has dull'd thy pow'rs:
Thy heart is still the same—thy truth unshaken;
Though wintry winds have torn the foliage off,
The tree is sound at core; and the same blasts
That rudely scatter'd all thy clust'ring beauties,
Have left my branches bare.

## WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

I.

Say, cottager, whence yonder light,
That dances in the distant gloom,
And sends its ray athwart the night—
A friendly guide to light me home?

II.

O traveller! forbear to go
Where yon same phantom leads the way:
'Twill draw thee into death or woe!—
'Twill lure thy erring steps astray!

III.

Ah, me! remembrance heaves my breast,
And prompts me to relate the tale
Of one poor victim, who, unbless'd,
Pursu'd—and dy'd in yonder vale.

IV.

The night grew dark, and not a star
Sent forth its light to cheer the way,
Ere William left the joyous fair,
Unmindful of the closing day.

V.

He blam'd his foolish long delay;
And, as he thought of distant home,
In fancy heard his Mary say—
"How strange my William does not come!"

VI.

Impatient, o'er the dreary heath,
With hurried steps he plung'd along,
And chas'd the fear of thieves and death
With cheerful whistle, or with song.

VII.

He tarried at my cottage door;
But I upon a sick bed lay—
And, then, the lantern, just before,
My wife had lent to Woodman Grey.

VIII.

While yet they talk'd—"See, William, see!"
Cried dame, "a light in yonder grove!"
"'Tis Woodman Grey!" with joy cry'd he,
"And he shall light me to my love."

IX.

Ah! how I chid my foolish dame,
That she, so old, should not have known
'Twas *Will-o'-the-Wisp's* deceitful beam!
But peace!—my wife is dead and gone.

X.

He long the faithless guide pursu'd:
It led him into bog and mire;
And through the thick-entangled wood,
And over many a bush and brier.

XI.

It led him down the hollow glen,
Where from the steep hill's craggy side
The wild brook runs—it vanish'd then—
And William perish'd in the tide!

## THE FUGITIVES.

I.

The moonlight shone on Severn's tide,
And glitter'd bright on bush and flow'r;
The wind in gentle murmurs died,
And time had gain'd the midnight hour.

II.

Forth from his tow'r, night's solemn bird
Now wing'd his solitary way;
And faintly, from afar, was heard,
At intervals, the watch-dog's bay.

III.

When, issuing from their native grove,
Young Howel and his lovely Sue
Together fled—intent to prove
The bliss Hope's flatt'ring pencil drew.

IV.

The ready boat close-harbour'd lay—
With vig'rous arms the oar is ply'd—
Assisting Naiads lead the way,
And love's bright visions round them glide.

V.

They cross'd the stream, and onward sped
O'er hills, and dreary wilds along,
Till morn her orient lustre shed,
And wak'd the sweet lark's matin-song.

VI.

Straight to their view the village spire
Rose bright with many a golden beam;
'Twas there they hop'd, with true love's fire,
T' insure its fondest, happiest dream.

VII.

But sad, alas, is true love's doom,
And quickly pass its dreams away,
Like sweetest flow'rs that gaily bloom,
And droop and wither in a day.

VIII.

That morn—when heav'n their vows had heard,
And pious pray'rs the rite had bless'd,
When ev'ry look, and ev'ry word,
Their rapture and their love confess'd;—

IX.

That morn—as, fondly link'd, along
A flow'r-enamell'd path they stray'd,
From ambush forth a press-gang sprung,
And Howel was their captive made.

X.

Desp'rate, awhile, he fought—for rage,
Love, grief, despair—all nerv'd his blows;
But who could, singly, long engage,
Unarm'd, assailants such as those?

XI.

Dash'd from the goal of earthly bliss—
*The fond arms of a beauteous bride*—
Madly he snatch'd one parting kiss,
And then was hurried from her side.

XII.

When light of waking reason gleam'd
Athwart the hopeless Susan's brain,
*She was alone*—her tears fast stream'd—
But stream'd unpity'd and in vain.

XIII.

Heart-rent—her joy, her comfort lost—
She trod the path that homeward led;
Again fair Severn's stream she cross'd,
And sought that shelter she had fled:—

XIV.

*But found it not!* Her sire had never
Approv'd the youthful lover's flame:
He labor'd long their hearts to sever,
But faithful love withstood his aim.

XV.

With quick response her bosom beat,
And trembled ev'ry limb with fear,
As oft she struck the well-known gate,
And strove to gain an entrance there.

XVI.

The well-known gate, alas! was closed—
  Was clos'd against a daughter's wail:
A parent, nature's cry opposed—
  A father scorn'd his child's appeal.

XVII.

Weeping, she reach'd her Howel's cot,
  (Ah! bless'd no more with Howel's form,)
And there she mourn'd her hapless lot,
  And droop'd like lilly bow'd by storm.

XVIII.

The fifth revolving winter pass'd,
  And spring had mark'd the flow'ret's birth;
In softest zephyrs lull'd the blast,
  And call'd the merry wild-bird forth.

XIX.

When swiftly up the rippling tide
  A light boat skims—anon 'tis moor'd—
"'Tis he! 'tis Howel!" Susan cry'd,
  "My joy—my life—my love's true lord!"

XX.

He leapt on shore, and to his breast
Clasp'd close the too-long-widow'd maid;
"Kind heav'n!" he cry'd, "behold me blest—
My griefs by this embrace repaid."

XXI.

And blest were both! Nor hill, nor grove,
Re-murmur'd more the plaints of woe:
No more the tears of sorrowing love
Supply'd the stream with piteous flow;—

XXII.

For oft, as on the river play'd
The summer breeze at close of day,
The hill and grove sweet echo made
To merry pipe or roundelay.

# ALCANDER; OR DEAD ALIVE.

The following Tale is founded on facts. Similar events to those described really happened in Manchester very recently. Of the characters and sentiments of the parties I know nothing: it is therefore but just to say that they are probably the reverse of those which I have given to my Dramatis Personæ.

I.

That human life is liable to crosses,
And disappointments vex the happiest state—
That what is one man's gain another's loss is,
As fortune's changeful tide doth fluctuate—
And that as many kinds of griefs as mosses
Rise in our paths—are truths of ancient date.
Some, that would wed a coy, unwilling, fair chase—
Some, marry and repent—*but that's a rare case!*

II.

Various the mis'ries that attend us all:
The bachelor has his peculiar ones;
The married know what evils them befal,
Perchance cross children, scolding wife, and duns,
Or jealousy's intolerable thrall,
Pois'ning life's purple current as it runs;
And, to crown all, if the poor husband's luck hold,
The stag-head honors of a conscious cuckold.

III.

But some, 'tis true, can boast a happier lot,
Whom only minor accidents befal;
Some who that pleasing dream,—*love in a cot*—
Have realiz'd—who in their children's squall
Hear music sweet—who, glorying in the knot,
Envy no state on this terraqueous ball.
Wedlock's a lott'ry: few the prizes gain—
All wish to win, but thousands wish in vain.

IV.

What feels the drowning wretch, push'd from that hold,
He late had grasp'd, deeming his danger o'er?
What feels the criminal, who, lately told
That he was free, had pass'd his prison-door
Unmanacled—had hasten'd to enfold
His lov'd ones, vowing he would sin no more—
When, in the fulness of his joy, he's seiz'd
Again—to be by *hemp* alone releas'd?

V.

If you can judge what, in such ticklish cases,
Men suffer—then conceive Alcander's woes,
Who, having miss'd his wife's endearing graces,
Had just begun to lull him to repose,
When his lost rib return'd to his embraces,
Like ghost, that to the witch of Endor rose,
And Saul: but, with this difference, I wot,
The one was call'd for, and the other not.

VI.

"Avaunt! begone!" th' affrighted husband cries,
While horror heaves his night-cap from his head,
And from their sockets almost burst his eyes:
"Dost thou return, dread thing, to haunt me dead,
And render vain thy late sad obsequies?"
His wife, astounded, star'd at what he said:
Onward she comes!—his agony grew stronger—
She gripes his wrist!—reason could hold no longer.

VII.

Swooning, Alcander sinks upon the floor,
Ah! wretched man! no marvel at his plight!
Alas! the priest, the very week before,
O'er her dark grave had read the funeral rite!
Six neighbours stout the honor'd burden bore;
The weeping husband follow'd—at the sight
The crowd grew sad—some said 'twas shocking—very—
Some bless'd their stars they had no wife to bury.

VIII.

No marvel, then, since she had burst the tomb—
(Not only had Alcander seen, but *felt* her,
As oft before her death had been his doom,)
No marvel he was scar'd—that, helter-skelter,
Neighbours ran from her, shrieking, and at home,
From the dread spectre's influence, took shelter!
Who could, unmov'd, behold, or, fearless, meet
The dead and bury'd stalking through the street.

IX.

Alcander was not frighten'd *quite* to death,
Though long he wore death's semblance: the shrill voice
Of one so lov'd renew'd the feeble breath—
By slow degrees Reason regain'd her poise.
Poor man! 'twere better he had sunk beneath
Death's mortal stroke—but few can have their choice.
Too soon the direful truth was understood;
It was no ghost—but real flesh and blood.

X.

'Tis a curs'd thing, though standers-by may laugh,
That one, so lately from his bonds releas'd,
Should be thus chain'd again: the epitaph,
Penn'd by Alcander, on the "*saint*" deceas'd,
Was yet scarce dry—the cup he hop'd to quaff,
Of joy's bright nectar, scarce had met his taste—
When, lo! 'twas smash'd! Death-flatt'rers, much 'twould tame you,
If all whom you belie thus rose to shame you.

XI.

"Though your identity I cannot doubt,
And that you are alive is full as clear,
Yet, (said Alcander,) I would fain make out,
By what strange miracle I see you here—
You, who, few days ago, like a hook'd trout,
Was from our Irwell dragg'd—who, on a bier
Was borne a hideous corpse—on whom, as bound,
A patient jury sat—verdict, '*found drown'd!*' "

XII.

"A hideous corpse!" exclaim'd th' astonish'd wife,
"A crazy numskull *thou* art, so to say.
Fool! didst thou think me, then, so tired of life,
As, like a wretch, to cast the boon away?
No—I have too much joy in wedlock's strife,
And hope to plague you yet this many a day!
But, simple as you are, you must have known
I was but on a visit out of town.

XIII.

"'Tis true, I did not condescend to tell
My tyrant where, or wherefore, I was going:
You much had vex'd me—that you know full well—
So all this fuss to your own folly's owing.
My wrongs still make my tender bosom swell,
You brute, you!"—as she scolded, tears were flowing.
"O crocodile!" thought he, but spoke not out,
"You've been with some vile paramour, no doubt!"

XIV.

"Still am I much confounded!" he reply'd,
"But now I thought you over Styx safe ferry'd,
And here a living woman by my side
You stand—then, who the devil have we bury'd?
Or has some pow'r, weak reason to deride,
O'er fairy-scenes my mental vision carry'd?
Or dream I now? Oh no!—all's true!" he said,
"And this, the mourning suit, my tailor made."

XV.

Quick, through the town, the wondrous story ran—
Alcander's wife was risen from the tomb!
Not a grim ghost, untangible and wan,
But firm warm flesh, and in her pristine bloom.
The rumor, in its course, reach'd a poor man,
Whose wife had, like Alcander's, left her home,
Without once saying—"Sir, with your good leave!"
Shame on you, wives! how can you so behave!

XVI.

Hearing the tale, throughout the town so rife,
His mind to this odd fancy did incline—
"Since this, Alcander has regain'd his wife;
May not the woman that's entomb'd *be mine?*
Adzooks!" he cry'd, "'tis so, upon my life!
At least, I'll know the truth before I dine."
Breathless, with haste, he gains Alcander's door—
What there he learns confirms *his hopes* the more.

XVII.

The sexton now, with mattock and with spade,
(Legal authority proceeding on,)
Ply'd, unrelentingly, his gloomy trade,
Undoing all that he had lately done—
The deep and yawning excavation made,
The corpse is soon uncoffin'd to the sun:
Some, who beheld it, shudder'd with affright—
A fest'ring corpse is, sure, no pleasing sight.

XVIII.

Much were her features chang'd since life's warm tide
Too rashly she had stopt—the pitiless stream,
The element, alas! wherein she dy'd,
Had made sad havoc on her tender frame:
Marks of some hungry reptile were descry'd,
And not a lineament remain'd the same;
Nor had her close-damp prison-house improv'd
That form which late with grace and beauty mov'd.

XIX.

So mutilated was each once-fair feature,
The anxious stranger rising doubts express'd:
"If 'tis my wife," he cry'd, "she has, from nature,
A beauteous spot just under her right breast.
(Alas! that ever I had cause to hate her!
A lovelier soul ne'er breath'd—dress'd or *un*dress'd—
And now—how chang'd!) Sexton, remove the shroud—
There, if a mole appear—she's mine avow'd."

XX.

'Tis done—the spot, indelible, appears!
"Enough!" he cries, "I bow me to my doom—
Her fate demands the tribute of my tears;
That debt I'll pay—in secret, and at home!
Sexton! make good your work—the grief that wears
My vitals must to other claims give room.
Of your's, Alcander, justice first gives warning—
And *that* I'll pay first—Gentlemen, good morning!"

XXI.

"Stay, sir!" Alcander cries, "though much you're pain'd,
Heaven above knows who has most cause to grieve—
You who have lost, or I who have regain'd,
A wife—that point to Heav'n let us leave;
My mourning garb, scarce worn, and yet unstain'd,
(Useless to me,) pray, as a boon, receive:
Custom of you requires 'the suits of woe'—
For me, 'I've that within which passeth show!'"

## THE PROHIBITION.

In the Winter of 1814, a party of females, consisting chiefly of tradesmen's wives and daughters, residing in a certain midland town, formed a plan for establishing Assemblies. To this they were induced by a wish to amuse themselves like their superiors, the resident gentry; and by the mortifying fact that they were excluded from the Assemblies of the latter. Further, imitating their patrician neighbours, they resolved to exclude those whom they considered as moving in an inferior sphere to their own. Among the interdicted portion of the inhabitants, clerks, shopmen and apprentices were indiscriminately, and without exception, included: servitude being unanimously voted an insuperable bar to their admission. This "Prohibition," which gave serious offence to some of the prohibited, and was laughed at by many, was the occasion of the following lines.

It chanced, about that time of year
When nights are long, and days are drear;
When Sol, at best, but dimly shines
To light our shops and gild our signs;
When customers (of cold afraid,
Or lest their feet should be betray'd
By slides, by wicked urchins made,)

Keep close at home; when, round the fire,
The fair talk scandal, or admire
Some fashion newly brought to view—
An Oldenburgh, or smart Chapeau;
What time poor tradesmen, 'gainst their wills,
Are posting books or writing bills,
Deeming their labour thrown away,
Since debtors are so slow to pay;
In short, it was that time of year
Call'd Christmas in the calendar,
When certain ladies, (for *that name*
Women of every station claim
From courtesy, whose nomenclature
Makes *gentle* ev'ry human creature,)
In converse, laid their heads together,
How best to cheat the time and weather.
The Council o'er their cups were seated,
Refresh'd, but not inebriated:
Souchong and snuff their influence lent,
To make the glib *more* eloquent.

A spinster, of at least three score,
(It were not safe to tell you—More,)

Propos'd—but with profound submission—
With flatt'ry, smirks, and hesitation—
A Card-Assembly and a Ball,
As answering best the wish of all.
And, then—to give the motion force—
"Ladies, you'll use *my* house* of course!
But (added she,) I cannot tell
Why you, and many a city-belle,
Who look, and speak, and dress so well,
Our tip-top parties fail to join:
I'm sure you'd most of them outshine!"

Quoth Mrs. Figs, (the grocer's wife,)
"Proud be the glory of my life!
And, truth to speak, it is a shame
That they our wishes should contemn.
What matters what our husbands trade in—
Ours is the path to fortune leading;
What matters that *my* spouse in soap
And candles deal—they *use* our shop!—
Keep in our books too—though 't appears

* A well-known Coffee-house.

We are not very much in *theirs!*
And what, pray, could they do without us,
Much as they scorn, deride, and flout us?
Do they not owe, with all their fuss,
Beauty and brilliance—both to *us?*
Our candles—light their festive places;
Our soap—makes fresh their fading faces!"

"Vastly well argued, ma'am!" replies
The ancient maid, "but who denies
That Mrs. Figs is *always wise?*"

"The wisdom of our friend, the grocer,
Is felt by every one that knows her!
(Said tall Miss Sprag, much giv'n to punning,
And pleas'd to set her tongue a running,)
And why Figs argues well, is clear,
She retails *reasons** all the year!"

Loud laughter hereupon ensu'd—
Some said the wit was passing good;
The more demure pronounc'd it rude.

* Raisins.

"All this is well! (cries Mrs. Candor,)
But, ladies, from the point we wander.
Let's shun extraneous matter, pray;
And—to the order of the day."

Quoth Mrs. Figs, "Then, let us all
Agree about the cards and ball.
Only one thing I'd fain propose,
To *cut* them upstart *counter*-beaux!
I mean *them there* conceited asses,
Who thrust their noses in all places,
Call'd shopmen—faugh! the odious name!
And clerks—as odious quite as them!"

"What Mrs. Figs has just let fall,
(Cries Mrs. Prim, with accents small,)
I second." "I *my* voice unite—
(Scream'd tall Miss Sprag,) let's oust 'em quite!
Heav'ns! and shall we ourselves degrade—
We—at the pinnacle of trade!—
By mingling with those scurvy shopmen—
Vile 'prentices of rag and slop-men;

And drivers of attorneys' quills,
Who strut about on iron heels,
With huge cravats and monstrous frills!
No! let's assert, with untir'd tongues,
And with unfailing pow'r of lungs,
What dignity to *us* belongs!
Let them their duty learn—and know
'Tis theirs at distance still to bow—
Not with a smirk and *puppy*-grace,
But with a serious, solemn face—
With such an awe as always fetters
The modest when before their betters."

"Agreed! agreed!" at once they cry,
And their shrill voices mount on high:
Stirr'd with the sound, the china rings—
The spirting kettle louder sings!
Their mandate now they trumpet forth,
From east to west—from south to north.
Soon Pleasure to their standard binds
Spruce burghers of all sorts and kinds—
With ladies of the same degrees,

Eager to shew their airs, or *knees*,
As down the mazy dance they go
"Upon the light fantastic toe;"
The daughters and the wives of bakers,
Of tailors, tinmen, undertakers;
Of grocers, pastry-cooks, and glovers—
Beau'd by their husbands and their lovers.

Some cards—and some to dancing take—
Each lady sure "at heart a rake."
But, dire disgrace! what! no admission
To clerks—to shopmen?—hard condition!
By *them* must such rare joys be miss'd,
As half-p'ny-loo and shilling-whist?
Must *they* the merry dance forego,
And the wild throbs that dancers know?
*They* only be forbid to gaze
On the *bare* charms each breast displays;
To press the fair one's melting palm,
From ev'ry pore inhaling balm;
To clasp, unseen, the slender waist,
The nectar of soft lips to taste?
And *must* they—*must* they, then, be spurn'd,

Like dogs—by no kind bosom mourn'd?
Forbid it, muse! be't thine to cheer
Each heart, and dry each falling tear;
Be't thine to break Despair's sad trance,
And tell them that they yet may dance:
Bid them no longer bite the ground,
But look, with clearer optics, round;
Then, if they grieve, they'll grieve for those
Whose pride did their just right oppose—
From *Ignorance* that pride arose.

# EDWIN AND KATE.

## A Lyric Tale.

"Hail, England! hail, my native land!
Right glad, once more, I view thy strand—
Bright Freedom's happy isle!
From realms where despotism reigns,
From war, and pestilence, and chains,
From seas where bloody corsair's roam,
From storms and wrecks—right glad, I come,
To greet my long-left peaceful home,
And love's and friendship's smile!
To clasp, with rapture, to my breast,
The fairest, truest maid,
That ever faithful sailor press'd—
That ever truth repaid!

Then, England hail! dear isle, thrice hail!
Whose name alone makes tyrants quail
Where'er thy flag's unfurl'd.
Right glad, once more, I touch thy strand,
Thou *terror* of each hostile land—
Thou *envy* of the world!"

Thus spake young Edwin, on the vessel's verge,
Then, joyous, leapt on shore;
And now, inspiring love's wild transports, urge
His flight across the moor;
At whose extreme the village spire,
Reflecting Sol's resplendent fire,
Rais'd hopes that kindled such ecstatic pleasure,
As he, in sooth, possess'd his soul's delightful treasure.

Ah! sweet the hopes that fill the breast,
And joys anticipation lends,
When love, returning, seeks for rest,
Hies, like the turtle, to his nest,
And dear-remember'd friends!
These Edwin felt. His destin'd way,
It chanc'd, across the church-yard lay:

In graver mood
Its tombs he view'd,
To witness there
What hearts sincere
Had felt time's dire decay.

Full many a sigh escap'd his breast,
And many a tear-drop flow'd,
As, sad, he read of mortal life the doom,
Sparing nor meek, nor proud;
Nor blooming youth, nor hoary age,
Nor, eke, the giddy, nor the sage.
He griev'd—that those with minds endued
To mend the bad, confirm the good—
That those, whom fortune's gifts had bless'd,
Who, erst, in splendid robes were dress'd,
And the soft couch of dalliance press'd—
Were now, alike mute tenants of the tomb—
Each rotting in his shroud!

Now ye who've felt the throb of love—
Felt love's delight, and love's despair;
Who chance some cherish'd hope to prove,

Have sought your dear, your native grove,
And found the joys sweet fancy wove
All melt to air;
O judge—for words can ne'er impart
Of woe th' unutterable pain
That thrill'd through Edwin's ev'ry vein
And kill'd his youthful heart!
For while that heart with hope's strong impulse beat,
On a grave-stone near a name appear'd,
Which, like the lightning's flash, his eye-balls sear'd—
His Kate's once-beauteous form—*lay mould'ring 'neath his feet!*

Now, at once, vanish'd hope, that had long cheer'd him on
Through perils, in bondage, and free:
His beacon-light now, and for ever, was gone—
That light which, 'midst tempests and wrecks, brightly shone,
Like the spirit of God on the sea!

His Kate, the loveliest "rose of May,"
To sorrow's blight had fall'n a prey;
For rumor's swiftly-spreading lies
Did Kate's believing heart surprise,
And told her ,cruel death had snatch'd her love away.

Speechless awhile, in fix'd amaze,
Did Edwin on the record gaze;
And, bound by dun oblivion's chain,
Wild stupor seiz'd his brain!

But now, across that tortur'd brain,
In madd'ning forms array'd,
Dart recollection's horrid train.
And thus, in wild but mournful strain,
His lips the fates upbraid.

"Is this—is this, ye cruel pow'rs,
The scene that love and fancy drew;
This the first of blissful hours
That flatt'ring hope declar'd my due,
When I, with her smile,
Did absence beguile,
And fondly believ'd that her promise was true?

"Now the demons of fate
Drive my brain from her seat!
Hark! the bolts of destruction are hurl'd.

Let hope, joy, and mirth
Lose dominion on earth,
And chaos re-visit the world!"
He said,—then, prostrate on his true-love's sod,
Drew his last breath of life, and sought her soul with God.

Still may these lovers' graves be seen;
The flow'rets spring—the grass is green,
Long foster'd by a yew-tree's shade,
Whose tears of dew forbid the turf to fade.
There, too, an humble stone relates,
In diction plain, their hapless fates—
While passers-by,
With many a sigh,
Mourn Edwin's woes, and Kate's.

## THE SAILOR-BOY.

I.

Kind sirs, bestow a trifle, pray,
To bear me through the cheerless day,
For dark and thorny is the way
Of Tom the Sailor-boy;
And, blest with fortune's brightest ray,
May all *your* paths be joy!

II.

My mother dyed when I was born;
My father pined in grief forlorn,
Till he from life's sad maze was torn,
And left his son to weep;
And I, ere long, by force was borne,
To plough the trackless deep.

III.

There oft, when Death was on the wave,
Fierce storms it was my lot to brave;
Yet still I 'scap'd th' unfathom'd grave
Where crews of seamen lie!
Ah! why my life did fortune save
When most I wish'd to die!

IV.

Doomed sad vicissitudes to know—
Thrice was I captur'd by the foe;
Have pined in dungeon damp and low,
And clank'd a captive's chain;
Have writh'd beneath th' oppressor's blow,
And serv'd where tyrants reign.

V.

But now, methinks, those griefs were light.
Sirs! 'twas in fam'd Trafalgar's fight
I fell, depriv'd of limb and might—
Then came my soul's worst thrall!
For me no more, in England's right,
Will sound the battle-call!

VI.

A cripple now, I wander sad,
Hungry, and faint, and poorly clad,
With nought on earth to make me glad—
No friend my steps to guide.
Ah! better had the Orphan lad
A tender infant died.

VII.

E'er since my eyes beheld the light,
I've been a mark for fortune's spite:
No joy is mine by day or night,
Save sometimes in my dreams;
But dreams are quickly put to flight
By morn's unwelcome beams.

VIII.

Then tears of anguish faster flow,
And keener is my sense of woe,
As, rising from my pallet low,
My unhous'd strawy bed—
Despair succeeds the transient glow
That sleep's bright visions shed.

IX.

You ask me if no *pension* cheers
My lonely, sad, but youthful years,
For all the wounds my body bears,
Brav'd in our land's defence?
Ah! no—the freedom of my tears
Is all my recompence!

X.

Then grant, kind sirs, a trifle, pray,
To bear me through the cheerless day,
For dark and thorny is the way
Of Tom the Sailor-boy;
And, blest with fortune's kindliest ray,
May all your paths be joy!

## THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I.

The snow fell fast, the night was dreary,
And sad the sight to see!
All pale and shiv'ring lay poor Mary
Beneath the church-yard tree.

II.

With snowy plumage wav'd the willow,
The ravens hover'd round;
A cold, cold grave was Mary's pillow—
Her bed the wintry ground.

III.

The tears, that down her cheeks were flowing,
The chilly night-air froze;
And to the wild winds, rudely blowing,
She breath'd an orphan's woes.

IV.

Poor, lost, forsaken, friendless maid!
'Reft of her parents dear,
She found no kinsman's hand to aid—
No christian's love to cheer.

V.

Forlorn and barefoot long she wander'd,
A scanty boon to crave;
And oft, with fond remembrance, ponder'd
Beside her parents' grave.

VI.

There, as the summer sun, declining,
Shone brightly on their tomb,
And soft winds sigh'd, as if repining,
Poor Mary wept their doom.

VII.

And oft, when hoary winter cover'd
The church-yard wild and drear,
Affection o'er their relics hover'd—
For Mary still was there!

VIII.

But, ah! how could a maid so tender
Resist the wintry storm,
Without a shelter to defend her—
Or garb to keep her warm?

IX.

One stormy night—(that night, how dreary!
The sight, how sad to see!)
Still on her cheerless bed lay Mary—
'Twas by the church-yard tree.

X.

O'ercome, at length, with cold and hunger,
Her breast o'ercharg'd with woe,
The conflict she could hold no longer—
And died amid the snow!

## THE POOR VETERAN.

I.

A soldier, erst, with age grown grey,
Who oft had laurels won by fighting,
Lame, poor, and friendless, bent his way
Tow'rds some lord's house that look'd inviting.
When he had reach'd the stately pile,
He, bowing, urg'd his sad petition;
And truly told (and wept the while,)
What ills had wrought his hard condition:
But Charity too rarely sways
The cold and torpid breast of Fashion;
And those most warm'd by Fortune's rays
Too often feel the least compassion.

II.

They spurn'd the suppliant from the door,
Though wintry winds blew hard and chilling:
Though they were rich, and he was poor,
Their hearts were dead to human feeling.
The vet'ran breath'd a sigh profound,
His aged breast with anguish swelling;
Then turn'd away—and pity found
Within a *peasant's humble dwelling!*

For Charity too rarely sways
The cold and torpid breast of Fashion;
And those most warm'd by Fortune's rays
Too often feel the least compassion.

## THE DARK AND DREARY WASTE.

I.

O sable night! dark veil of evil deeds,
  Beneath whose ebon shades assassins roam,
And oft, alas! the ill-starr'd wand'rer bleeds,
  Or dies in anguish, ere he gains his home;
How many terrors fill my anxious mind,
  Lest thou, O night! shouldst bring my Edwin harm.
O from thy clouds send forth some ray benign,
  To guide his way and lessen my alarm!
And may the taper, in the window plac'd,
  Light him across the dark and dreary waste!

II.

And thou, Great Ruler! virtue's surest guard!
Avert those evils night is wont to bring;
Let no impediment his steps retard,
But waft him home on Love's impatient wing!
Though keen the blast that blows across the moor;
Though my whole frame is chill'd with piercing cold;
Still will I brave it at my cottage-door—
Still linger here, till Edwin I behold!
And may the taper, in the window placed,
Light him across the dark and dreary waste!

## DAY-BREAK.

I.

Grey twilight now, with beams of orient light,
Breaks o'er yon hill and ushers in the day;
Terror and guilt, companions of the night,
Fly, with its shadows, from the morning ray.

II.

Safely, the pilgrim now his way pursues—
No more doth Fancy paint assassins near;
Now playful lambkins brush the morning dews,
And sprites no longer scare the eye of Fear.

III.

The startled footpad flies the bright'ning plain—
(Guilt sees, appall'd, the op'ning eye of day);
Now to the covert bears his nightly gain,
And, fearful, broods the ling'ring hours away.

IV.

Hush'd is the wind, whose rudely-boist'rous peal
Full oft resounded through the woodland wild;
Now dulcet warblings echo through the vale,
And nature blooms as when an Eden smil'd.

V.

Rous'd by the morning beam, or cock's shrill throat,
Now from his pallet starts the village hind,
And oft, responsive to the lark's sweet note,
Chants the pure matins of a peaceful mind.

VI.

Thrice happy swain!—more blest than he who lives
In ermin'd pomp, or proud ambition's glare—
That thus enjoy'st the blessings nature gives,
Alike unknown to splendor and to care.

## JASPER AND ELLEN.

I.

The bell in St. Mary's old steeple toll'd "one"—
It was dark, and the wind it blew keen—
When ill-fated Ellen, forlorn and undone,
Left her dwelling alone and unseen.

II.

And as o'er the bleak heath the poor wand'rer was going,
From parents, from friends, and from home,
"Cruel Jasper!" she cried—her tears all the while flowing—
"'Tis you that compel me to roam.

III.

"'Tis you that have robb'd me of all I held dear—
Of my virtue, my peace, and my fame;
No longer at home can I dare to appear,
Lest my parents discover my shame.

IV.

"Ah! why did you promise to make me your wife,
Then leave me in anguish to mourn
The loss of my virtue—more precious than life—
And abandon me, ne'er to return?

V.

"But I'll traverse the world, from the north to the south,
From the east to the west, till we meet;
I then will upbraid you for all your untruth—
Sink down and expire at your feet."

VI.

She ceas'd, and that instant a groan struck her ear—
'Twas a groan like the struggle of death:
Her blood became chilly—her eyes roll'd with fear,
And deep horror suspended her breath.

VII.

All trembling she turn'd, but could nothing descry,
Save the glow-worm's far-glittering fire;
And no more could she hear, save the night-bird's shrill cry,
That had rook'd in St. Mary's tall spire.

VIII.

"Sure, 'twas fancy!" she cried, "oh! it *could* be no more!
Ah! what have the wretched to fear?"—
She said, when a groan—a deep groan, as before—
Now confirm'd the sad truth to her ear.

IX.

Anon, a voice cried, "Stay, whoever thou art!
Give an ill-fated stranger thy aid;
I've been stabb'd by banditti—with wounds do I smart;
Your help shall be amply repaid."

X.

Just God! who can Ellen's emotions express,
At the sound of a voice so well known?
'Twas Jasper that breath'd such a piteous address—
'Twas Jasper that Ellen heard groan!

XI.

Yet concealing her feelings, she thus, in a tone
Of sympathy, soon did reply,
"Little succour, alas! can I give thee alone,
But will straight for assistance apply.

XII.

"O cheer thee awhile, and I'll run to a cot,
Whose distance from hence is not far;
Its kind-hearted tenant I'll lead to the spot:
His pity and home shalt thou share."

XIII.

Now, with love's fond impatience, with fear's urgent haste,
She to Caleb's lone dwelling repair'd;
But the brambles and briers that grew on the waste
Did often her progress retard.

XIV.

Yet gain'd she at last his sequester'd abode,
Faint and breathless, through speed and through dread;
And long did she knock at the wicket aloud,
Ere the sleeper was rous'd from his bed.

XV.

For though bent with age, and infirmity too,
Yet the balm of repose he enjoy'd—
As guilt was a curse that his soul never knew,
By its fears was his couch unannoy'd.

XVI.

But the casement now opens—"Haste! haste!" Ellen cries,
"Yonder's one of thy help is in need;
A poor wounded traveller on the heath lies,
Who doth in sore agony bleed."

XVII.

"Holy pow'rs!" he exclaim'd, "com'st thou hither so late!
By the rood, but I thought 'twas thy ghost."
"Haste!" she cried, "for each moment is pregnant with fate!
O speed! or my Jasper is lost."

XVIII.

Then the window he closes, and hastens down stairs,
And quickly a light doth provide;
And with his fair guide to the wild waste repairs,
Whilst he carries the torch by her side.

XIX.

And, as onward they hie, she her woes doth relate,
How her Jasper had left her to bear
The world's cruel scorn—but, ah! blest were her fate
Could she save whom she yet lov'd so dear.

XX.

Arriv'd at the spot where the wounded one lay,
(Now senseless and welt'ring in gore,)
Caleb carefully rais'd him, and bore him away,
And the torch Ellen carried before.

XXI.

The cottage regain'd, the good host on a bed
Laid his burden—all bloody and pale;
Poor Ellen, deceiv'd by his swoon, thinks him dead,
And piercing and sad is her wail.

XXII.

He reviv'd—and his eyes in amazement he roll'd,
Which a minist'ring form quickly caught;
"O God!" he exclaim'd, "do I Ellen behold!
Or to what magic cell am I brought?"

XXIII.

"Yes, yes, it *is* Ellen!" she, weeping, replies,
"Whose virtue you cruelly stole:
I meant to upbraid—but resentment now flies—
And I pity thy fate from my soul."

XXIV.

"Sweet saint! in whose bosom compassion e'er dwelt,"
He rejoin'd, with a faltering tongue,
"Heav'n knows what remorse I've unceasingly felt,
Since I did thee so grievous a wrong.

XXV.

"For oh! what a tyrant is conscience to those
Who have acted a villanous part!
Thrice happy is he, though sore-compass'd by woes,
Who is blest with an innocent heart.

XXVI.

"Each day has been joyless, and sleepless each night,
Since I planted a thorn in thy breast;
Thy form has incessantly haunted my sight,
And has ever depriv'd me of rest.

XXVII.

"At length, I determin'd my crime to atone,
For remorse had made hateful my life,
And, without more delay, my contrition to own,
And make thee, wrong'd angel, my wife.

XXVIII.

"With speed was I journeying with this intent,
And over the heath took my way,
When a band of fierce robbers (oh! luckless event!)
Rush'd on me like tigers for prey.

XXIX.

"The barbarians robb'd me of all I possess'd—
In vain strong resistance I made—
They stabb'd me and vanish'd—you know all the rest—
Like an angel you came to my aid."

XXX.

Now Jasper, exhausted, sinks back on the bed,
Whilst the tear-drops from Ellen fast fall;
Her breast throbs, alternate, with hope and with dread,
As thus on his name she doth call.

XXXI.

"Oh! rouse, Jasper, rouse thee—and droop not my life!
Oh! recover—and we shall be blest!
Thou said'st even now thou wouldst make me thy wife—
And banish all grief from my breast."

XXXII.

"Oh! Ellen," cried Jasper, reviving, "I doubt
We shall ne'er such felicity taste;
Life's taper, I feel, will be shortly burnt out—
Even now doth it rapidly waste."

XXXIII.

"O angels of mercy! look down from above!
Nor to death leave my Jasper a prey—
O save him!"—he groan'd—beam'd a look full of love—
Life quiver'd—and then pass'd away.

XXXIV.

Poor heart-broken Ellen awhile stood aghast—
Fair image of silent despair!
Then, wildly, her eyes up to heav'n she cast,
And, distracted with grief, rent her hair.

XXXV.

On the pale mangled corse, now exhausted, she fell;
Her pangs pow'r of utt'rance denied—
Such pangs choke up life—human efforts repel—
She clasp'd the dead body—*and died.*

XXXVI.

In St. Mary's lone church-yard their grave you may view,
All around a dark yew throws its gloom;
There Pity resorts—and her tears still bedew
The wild blossoms that spring from their tomb.

## WRITTEN DURING KERSAL-MOOR RACES,

26th May, 1820.

I.

Ah me! 'tis strange that scenes, which to the breasts
Of millions joy unspeakable convey—
Wakes, fairs, processions, bull-baitings, and feasts,
Prize-fights, and races—eke the proud array
Of martial spectacle on grand field day—
Things which the multitude, elate with glee,
Madly pursue whene'er they point the way—
Should yield no joy—no interest to *me;*
And, what is stranger yet, but sooth to say,
Did never me delight, e'en when youth cried—"Be gay!"

II.

And yet I grieve that nature form'd me so:
Far better had it been, had my young heart
Participated in the public show,
And e'en in vulgar pastimes ta'en a part;
Far better, could such to my breast impart
Those gleeful feelings, which speak through the eyes
Of the gay throng, as, jocund, on they dart
To pleasure's riot-circle—nor despise
Life's little vanities—but, void of art,
Rejoice with all their souls—nor dream of sorrow's smart.

III.

Opine not, hence, I would restrain their joy;
Though what to them yields rapture, yields me none—
Man's little happiness I'd not destroy—
Too soon, alas, the transient pleasure's gone:
Then let them in the sunny footway run,
Ere clouds of misery their path o'ershade—
On the poor reptile, creeping in the sun,
I would not that a wanton foot be laid—
Rather than life were sad, or early done,
I'd have all blest that live, and all that live—*live on.*

IV.

For me—ere sign of man was on my cheek—
I turn'd, disgusted, from the happier crowd;
And yet, I trust, my disposition's meek,
And am not (shall I say it?) *very* proud:
Though that I *am*, some give opinion loud,
Misjudging from my musing, moping ways;
While those who *know* me, say—" Ill health has cow'd
His better part of man, and his dim gaze
Thick-coming fancies of his brain enshroud,
Involving all his path in one dark, dreadful cloud."

## ON THE EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE THEATRE-ROYAL, MANCHESTER,

(About the year 1825,) of which the prevailing color being *Red*, many Critics (perhaps pretenders only to taste) loudly inveighed against the judgment of the Managers, in thus "searing their eye-balls."

I.

To Messieus Lewis, Ward, and Banks
Are justly due the public's thanks,
(And thus I pay my praise,)
For that unique and classic taste,
At once magnificent and chaste,
Their Royal House displays.

II.

'Tis true, some discontented elves,
Who nothing praise except themselves,
And works *their* wits have sped,
Have rudely dar'd that taste to question;
And this the ground their cavils rest on—
*The prevalence of red.*

III.

They'd fain be witty too, I hear—
Swearing the "groundling" ranks appear
  Like Pharaoh's drowing host:
Say they—"The Red Sea is the Pit—
That sea wherein (see holy-writ)
  Great Pharaoh's troops were lost.

IV.

Comparing, too, great things with small,
The rogues our Muse's Temple call
  A farmer's Reddle-pot,
By shepherds used at time of shearing!
Thus prone the envious are to sneering
  At talents *they* have not.

V.

The gallery, too, has caught the tone—
For many fools are made by one—
  One devil makes a legion!
If disaffection vex the Pit,
The Boxes shortly catch the fit,
  And, eke, the *upper region!*

VI.

High 'mong the gods the other night,
A grinning, greasy-looking wight,
Hail'd one of the town's trulls—
"Sal! what's the Pit like?" "*Like?*" quotha,
Belch'd out the nymph,—"like Golgotha,
A place of blood and skulls!"

VII.

A soldier gaunt, with medall'd breast,
But threadbare, next *his* thoughts express'd—
"Why, what Sal says is true;
And place a red coat here and there,
My eyes! how like it would appear
To bloody Waterloo!"

VIII.

A tar then turn'd his quid about,
And cried—"Avast there! make no rout!
My simile is *nater*—
So fiery-red they've made their shop,
We seem on Mount Vesuvius' top,
And looking down the *crater*."

IX.

"Ah fiery red, indeed—most true!
Oh! 'tis an awful place to view!
(A solemn quiz thus spake,)
And, when tumultuously cramm'd,
Methinks I see the restless damn'd
In hell's sulphureous lake!"

X.

But truce with such sarcastic railing,
Jests ill-applied and unavailing—
Genius, erect thy head!
O great triumvirate, all hail!
Still may your classic taste prevail—
*Your glorious love of red!*

XI.

Heav'ns! are there men so void of sense
As to decry that excellence—
That prevalence of color,
Which, while it charms the classic eye,
And genius fills with ecstacy,
Yields comfort to the duller.

XII.

For when into the house we go,
Frost-bitten, or with rain or snow
  All shiv'ring, cold and wet,
Soon the warm coloring on the walls
The blood into our veins recalls,
  And puts us in a sweat!

XIII.

And sweats are good in such a case—
(Physicians may object the place;
  But then, I do assever,
Bad acting gradually cools us,
Save when disgust sometimes o'errules us,
  And throws us in a fever.)

XIV.

Our Managers, both good and wise,
Thus gratify the critic's eyes,
  And for his body cater;
And dull, or thankless, must he be,
Who now objects to laud, with me,
  Their judgment and good-nature.

XV.

What, though amidst the vermil hue
The ladies' roses fade from view,
And *rouge* is render'd vain,
Still let the managers have praise:
They, wisely, thus prolong the days
Of many an amorous swain.

## CERES.

Goddess! an humble son of song,
The poorest of the tuneful throng,
To thee his voice presumes to raise,
To sing thy pow'r, and sing thy praise.
What, though no heav'n-descended fire
Enrich my song, or prompt my lyre;
Though I boast not the glowing strain
Of Homer, or the Mantuan swain;
Yet take, in accents wild and rude,
O take the meed of gratitude!

Hail, Ceres, hail! through Britain's isle
What thousands with thy bounty smile!
What thousands, sav'd from timeless death,
To thee owe comfort, health, and breath!
Famine no more, with haggard eye,
Nor sickly-visag'd Poverty,

Frowns, baneful, on the peasant's lot,
His rural peace, and lowly cot.
With grateful heart, with silent pleasure,
The husbandman beholds his treasure
Rich-gleaming o'er his plenteous fields—
The treasure which thy bounty yields.

No more, with reas'nings apt and stale,
The landlord threatens writs and jail:
Thy golden stores his wrath appease,
And bring the tenant wealth and ease.
No more the *mother's* anxious breast
Distends with sorrows half-suppress'd—
Nor starts the tear-drop to her eye,
Impell'd by Hunger's doleful cry.

O Goddess!—(in unpolish'd song
I thus the happy theme prolong)—
What hopes the peasant's heart pervade
When first the green and tender blade
Breaks through the newly-cultur'd earth!—
The parent whence thy seed had birth;
Whence sprung great Æsculapius' fame,

Physician of the human frame,
Whence Mammon, foe to man's repose,
And the proud lord himself arose.

Nurs'd by alternate sun and rain,
Shoots up to prime the full-ear'd grain;
And hope, that erst knew fear's alloy,
Now ripens into certain joy.

Soon as the morning's tepid ray
Has chas'd the early dews away,
With ruddy cheek, with placid smile,
The sunshine of contented toil;
Arm'd with the sickle, scrip, and flask,
The reaper hies him to his task:
And when th' assembled group he joins,
Each following each, in equal lines,
He many a golden sheaf entwines,
While new-rais'd columns deck the ground,
And mirth, and song, and jest go round.

Nor must I, Goddess, leave unsung
The gleaners' joy—a motly throng!

Who, led by custom, claim of thee
The pittance due to poverty.
The cotter's wife, in happy mood,
Comes forth with all her infant-brood;
Forsakes her wheel and household care,
And, pleas'd, collects each scatter'd ear—
Her infant-brood around her smile,
And, sportive, share the rural toil.

O happy Britain! favor'd isle!
Thrice happy, Ceres, in thy smile;
Happy in Commerce, State, and Laws—
The champion of misfortune's cause;
Avenger of insulted Spain,*
And scourge of Gallia's iron reign;—
O long may Britain, bless'd by thee,
Know wealth, and peace, and harmony!
Long may her sons, with patriot-glow,
Support each right, defeat each foe;
That envying States, till time's last hour,
May own her fame, and dread her pow'r!

* Written during the late War—about 1809.

# ELEGY IN A COUNTRY PRISON.

A PARODY ON "GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD."

By a Debtor.

I.

The setting sun proclaims the dreaded hour
Of closing bolts—the keeper's rattling keys
Ring the sad knell of debtors' daily pow'r
Of traversing the court to taste the breeze.

II.

Now haste our dearest kindred from our sight,
And all the place a silent sadness wears,
Save where some witling dares a vulgar flight,
Or the sore dupe of roguish frolic swears;

III.

Save where some songster, uninvited, roars
A song obscene, rude, ancient, and disjoin'd—
Or sot, stretch'd out on form or table, snores
The fun'ral dirge of immolated mind.

IV.

Beneath those roofs which frown terrific by,
Doom'd to the fetters of chastising law,
In their dark narrow cells securely lie
The ill-starr'd convicts on their beds of straw.

V.

The call of liberty—the voice of love—
Domestic summons, or the echoing horn—
The clacking farm-yard, or the warbling grove—
Neither shall rouse them at return of morn.

VI.

For them, alas! no alehouse fire shall burn,
Or jolly landlord ply his evening care—
No wife shall hail her husband's late return,
Or chide with fury, or with patience bear.

VII.

Oft did the strong bolt to their chisel yield,
And shutters oft their massive crow has broke;
How dex'trous did they steal the horse from field!
How crouch'd the trav'ler 'neath their sturdy stroke!

VIII.

Let not compassion shun their sorrows now—
Their savage joys and destiny severe;
Nor Justice, with inexorable brow,
The rude sad annals of the felon hear.

IX.

The course of villany—the trick of fraud—
All that impiety and vice impart—
Await alike the sure-avenging rod—
Toil, exile, whip, or ignominious cart!

X.

And you, ye just! give them not all the blame,
If mem'ry to their worth no column raise,
Nor stage nor college blazon forth their fame,
Nor sage historian speak a nation's praise.

XI.

Can Virtue dwell where Pity is unknown—
Where Vice and Ignorance their bane dispense?
Can minds, where beam of heav'nly light ne'er shone,
Yield the sweet fruit of Truth and Innocence?

XII.

Perhaps in yon close dungeon is confin'd
Some heart which might have own'd celestial fire;
Hands which the wreath of Honor might have twin'd,
Or gain'd by industry an honest hire.

XIII.

But knowledge to their eyes, the Christian's tome,
Rich with the gospels' treasures, ne'er unclos'd;
Vice lur'd their footsteps from the sacred dome,
And Poverty access to schools oppos'd.

XIV.

Full many a spark, unfann'd by pious breath,
Expires, which else to holy flame had spread;
Full many a flow'r, fairest of Flora's wreath,
By rank weeds crush'd, falls odourless and dead:

XV.

Some dauntless patriot, had the glorious fire
By Virtue's fostering care been kept alive—
Some Milton there may pine, whose magic lyre
Is mute—for Genius had no chance to thrive.

XVI.

In senate to assert the people's cause—
To bear, unmov'd, the angry statesman's frown;
In halls of judgment to dispense the laws,
Or plead for Truth in barristerial gown—

XVII.

Their lot forbade; nor barr'd access alone
To great men's virtues, but their crimes deny'd;
Shut out from empire, consulate, or throne,
Nor kings, nor states, fell prostrate to their pride.

XVIII.

They broke no armistice—destroy'd no realm—
Drench'd no capitulating town in blood;
No groaning nation did their rule o'erwhelm—
No people bow beneath taxation's load.

XIX.

Far from the strife of empires or of kings,
Their minds, corrupted, learn'd at home to stray;
They (wretches) fix'd their hearts on humbler things
Than nations subsidies and regal sway.

XX.

Yet e'en for these, by Law's coercion check'd,
Thick-studded doors—barr'd windows dark and high—
And massy walls, with gaol-like sculpture deck'd—
May draw the passing tribute of a sigh.

XXI.

Their names, their years, (spelt by gaoler's clerk,)
Their sev'ral crimes, the calendar supplies—
When dread Assizes call'd them to remark,
Ah! how they trembled for their destinies!

XXII.

For who to senseless Apathy a prey,
The world and all its rogu'ries e'er resign'd,
Left e'en the dungeon that excludes the day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

XXIII.

On some lov'd friend the convict bends his eyes—
Some cheering sign his parting soul requires;
E'en at the gallows powerful nature cries—
E'en strong in death exist her wonted fires.

XXIV.

For thee, who mindful of the felon's case,
Dost in these lines his wretched plight relate,
If chance, in alehouse, shop, or market-place,
Some busy-body should inquire thy fate.

XXV.

Haply some neighbour-creditor may say—
"Oft have I seen him at the twilight hour,
Wand'ring forlorn (he fear'd to walk by day,)
Towr'ds some lone spot, secure from bailiffs' power.

XXVI.

"There, on a stile, contemplative he'd sit,
And watch the moon slow-sailing up the sky—
Then spout some verse, by fav'rite poet writ,
Or mount his Pegasus and soar on high.

XXVII.

Or near some brook, whose winding current runs
Through wilds untrodden, absent, he would roam,
Awhile forgetful both of debts and duns—
Of griefs domestic, and unpeaceful home.

XXVIII.

"One eve I miss'd him at the 'custom'd nook—
(A stile o'ershadow'd by the beechen tree,)
Another came; nor yet beside the brook,
Nor in the copse, nor at the stile was he!

XXIX.

"The next, (unhappy man!) with savage speed,
To loathsome prison-house we saw him borne:
Approach, and read (for thou I know *canst* read,)
The *cutting* letter I receiv'd next morn.

## THE LETTER.

I.

Here lie I now, within a gaol's close space,
A man to proud Prosperity unknown;
John Doe and Richard Roe long marr'd my peace,
And hungry bailiffs mark'd me for their own.

II.

Large was my bounty, and I paid men's due;
I gave—and had of friends a goodly share;
But troubles came—and now, behold, they view,
Unmov'd, "my desolation from afar!"

III.

No further seek my follies to disclose,
Or strive my last sad shilling to extort;
Safe, now, from duns, in prison I repose—
My solace—Heav'n, my Conscience, *and the Court.*

## HOOKERS-IN; OR THE COUNTRY DRAPER'S LAMENT, IN 1828.

I.

Oh! for those days of tranquil industry,
Ere *Competition* ran this giddy race!
When drapers came to Manchester to buy
Yearly—and, unmolested, keep their pace;
Call'd where they listed, free from prying eye,
With not a button ravish'd from its place.
Oh! for those quiet, those old-fashioned days,
Ere *hookers-in* annoy'd the public ways!

II.

Now we, poor devils! to this great town brought,
By fashion's varying styles, *eight times a-year,*
By trading kidnappers are mark'd and caught,
Who put us hourly in corporeal fear—
Leaving no button on a draper's coat,
We cannot choose our houses, cheap or dear:
When one of this intruding hooking crew
Assails—*submit* is all we have to do!

III.

So eager are they, they surround each stage,
And seize us the first moment we alight;
Scarcely allowing us to disengage
Our luggage, or to pay the coachman's right—
To wash our faces, or our thirst assuage—
To rest awhile is out of question quite!
We *must* go with them, maugre nature's calls,
To buy their prints, their shirtings, or their shawls.

IV.

Nor do we thus escape; for, at our inn,
Daily and hourly do they take their stand,
To seize us when we go, or when come in,
And, servile, bow, and bribe the waiter's hand;
And raise, withal, a rude and clam'rous din—
Like untamed natives on a savage strand,
When some rich vessel, wreck'd or tempest-toss'd,
Its freight discharges on th' unfriendly coast.

V.

"Whom have you here, John?" "*Jones*, and *Smith*, and *Brown*."
"Good chaps! Be sure, John, let my name be given;"
"Give *my* card first, John! mum—*here's half-a-crown*"—
"Say, our delivery's made at *half-past seven!*"
"Say, John, *at six* our loading is set down"—
"Zounds, sir! I must not from my post be driven!"
Thus do these vultures rouse us from our beds,
In spite of sleepy eyes, or aching heads.

VI.

Shame to the system—bane of our repose!
Shame to the hookers-in—disgrace of trade!
Those pedlars, worse than dealers in old clothes!
The drapers' curse, while *impudence* has lead!
There'll be no end to these besetting woes,
Till we maintain the rights they now invade,
Like men resolved—and, daring to be free,
Send our tormentors all—*to Coventry!*

VII.

The song says, "Manchester's Improving Daily:"
Is it in manners, or in morals, shewn?
By the *pure* inmates of its throng'd New Bailey?
Or *fistic* deeds in Halls of Council done?
And for its streets of mire—'twere better, really,
Mr. Macadam's ways had ne'er been known!
Lo! C****n-street, where idlers congregate,
And *mud* and *scandal* on our footsteps wait.

VIII.

"The Schoolmaster's abroad!" (see Brougham's trimmer,
The other night, of Wellington and Co.)
"The schoolmaster's abroad, sir, with his primer!"
A fact which friends of order *grieve* to know.
Oh! for those days when intellects were dimmer!
And *servitude* preserved a *tranquil* brow!
We all have found—or shall some short time hence—
That "*march of mind*" is *march of impudence!*

# GREEN PEAS.

## A Tale.

I sing Green Peas! delicious fare!
Much coveted while young and rare;
To epicures a treat most fine,
When smoaking with a rich surloin;
With bacon *me* they much content,
Or duck—O super-excellent!
Zookers! the very thought, I vow,
Makes my mouth water even now!
Of all the good things gard'ners rear
There's none that can with peas compare!

Ere I proceed, I must premise
In France my scene of action lies—

Paris the city—that resort
Of panders to a pamper'd court!
Observe—'twas ere the revolution
Had thrown all Europe in confusion:
Poor Louis' race was then not run;
Nor *gentle* Robespierre's begun.

A lover, who a lady woo'd,
That yet in coy disdainful mood
Had treated all his fond advances
With frigid speech, or scornful glances,
One day, to gain the fair one's favor,
Or gain, at least, more kind behaviour,
Resolv'd to send her, under cover,
Great though the cost (for to a lover
What is expense?)—*some young green peas!*
The boon, sure, could not fail to please—
He judg'd so, for this special reason,
They were the earliest of the season;
The very first to market brought,
And, therefore, very dearly bought:
Four half-pint pottles were their measure—
Four times six louis gain'd the treasure.

Fair blooming flow'rs the basket graced,
Wherein the costly pulse were placed—
By careful messenger was carried
The precious gift—who (bowing) tarried,
Obedient to his lord's behest,
For thanks—too flippantly express'd!
"Me has your lord (she, smiling, said,)
Under vast obligation laid;
And yet (thus mix'd she gall with honey,)
I think he has *less wit than money!*"

This lady, whom I'll henceforth name
Belinda! well might raise a flame
In young male hearts, so soon ignited
By beauty's eyes with genius lighted:
She was indeed divinely fair—
The goddess mov'd in all her air—
Men call'd her *Beauty's paragon;*
But when, with smiles, her blue eyes shone—
To see them—*was to be undone!*

Belinda had nor father, brother,
Nor sister—but she had *a mother;*
A shrewd, close, bustling matron she,

Who well made up for t' other three!
Each hour, (good soul!) with zeal most fervent,
She school'd her daughter and her servant;
A careful manager—she made
The most of those small means she had;
For health's sake, gave her maid a sweat
Daily—and not too much to eat!
'Twas right, indeed, they should be saving,
And check sometimes the stomach's craving:
Fashion decreed it—since *without*,
Adieu to gala, ball, and rout—
It went against the grain 'tis true;
But, then, what else, pray, could they do?
Fashion was paramount they knew.
Beside, they had a law-suit pending—
Who can foresee a law-suit's ending?
Victors have triumph'd at their cost,
And winning cocks their feathers lost;
And, e'en though right be on your side,
Justice, alas, sometimes shoots wide.

Right joyous was the elder dame
When thus th' unlook'd for treasure came—
"Green peas (she cried,) are my delight—

The gentleman I am sure's polite;
And then they look so fresh and nice—
They must have cost a monstrous price."

The matron now in silence weigh'd
(As 'mong the peas her fingers play'd,)
Whether 'twere best that they should *eat*
Or *sell*—the rare and precious treat.
"Let's eat!" the yearning stomach cries—
"Let's sell!" urg'd greedier Avarice;
And Avarice's stronger cry
Obtain'd at last the victory.

Thought now found utt'rance—"Bell, my child,
(Whisper'd the prudent dame, and smil'd,)
*We'll sell these peas*—nay start not, love—
False delicacy you're above."
"Sell them, mamma!" the daughter cried,
"Sell them! I marvel where's your pride—
Think what disgrace 'twill on us bring—
I shudder at so *mean* a thing."
"'Twould be vexatious, I must own,
Were the transaction to be known;

(The dame replied,) but it will be
Wrapt in impervious secrecy.
The woman who the court supplies
With nature's earliest rarities,
And whom I sometimes deal with, she
Shall be commission'd presently.
To blab, when I've her mind impress'd,
She'll think against her interest.
Yes—I'm determin'd—though 'tis true
I like green peas; yet *entre nous*,
Cash I like better of the two."

'Tis fix'd: consignment duly made,
The agent sallies forth *to trade*.

This bus'ness scarce was done, when shook
The mansion with a thund'ring knock!
A gay and splendid marquis came
T' emit bright flashes of his flame—
Soissons, I think, the marquis' name.

Full easy was it to discover
He was Belinda's favor'd lover.

The sparkling eye—the falt'ring speech—
In spite of all that art could teach—
(Art did indeed one proof conceal—
Since blushes could not tell the tale—
*Rouge* kindly interpos'd its veil,)
Her tremor when he was announc'd;
Her start of joy when in he bounced;
All spoke the love-impassion'd maid—
By love unconsciously betray'd!

I pass the lovers' tender chat—
Vows, squeezings, ogl'ings—*and all that*—
Till when the matron's sober presence
Robb'd converse of its am'rous essence,
Then scandal came upon the *tapis:*
The senior lady now was happy
In *her* turn—(elder ladies handle
Most dext'rously a little scandal,)
For ev'ry friend she had a wreath
Of honor, freshen'd by her breath;
She told her neighbours' foibles o'er
Till scandal could invent no more!

Afraid, perhaps, to chatter treason,
Now conversation fell (with reason,)
Upon—*the lateness of the season:*
Soon the discussion turn'd, with ease,
Upon *the backwardness of peas.*

This topic drawing to a close,
The marquis now abruptly rose.
Abruptly, said Belinda's eyes,
Which spoke suspicion and surprise—
Love is so full of jealousies!
An angry glance Belinda darted,
As, courtier-like, my lord departed,
As if to say—"Oh! you hard-hearted!"

The emissary, in short space,
Returns with joy-announcing face,
And to her charge, most just and true,
Renders her patroness' due;
Full thirty louis-d'ors she counted—
The sum to which her sale amounted.
"Who was the purchaser?" "The marquis!"

Belinda's clouded brow more dark is.
Love, jealous love, so magnifies,
He makes a mole-hill top the skies!
He *sees*—what Reason cannot find—
And to what Reason sees—*is blind.*

"False man!" Belinda, unrestrain'd,
Thus rav'd, "'tis well! 'tis now explain'd!
For this—for this—he from me hurried!
For this—my poor fond heart was flurried!
Supplanted by some happier maid,
My love's insulted and betray'd!
For her those peas—rare bribe for favor!
Gods! mingle poison with their flavor!
Or let keen appetite provoke her,
Till eagerness in eating—choke her!"

A friend—a female friend—now came
To heap fresh fuel on the flame:
One of those *friends* whose chief desire
Is to give vigor to that fire
Wherein long-cherish'd hopes expire;
An envious, malapert virago—

A mischief-making *she Iago!*
Belinda's mind, with aspics fraught,
Was now almost to madness wrought—
When, lo! a messenger of peace!
Whose missives all dark visions chase,
And Hope, sweet Hope, resumes her place.

A basket's brought into the room,
Bedeck'd with flow'rs of choicest bloom:
With it a note, whose scent o'erpow'rs
The weaker odour of the flow'rs;
A note so fashionably writ
But few could have decipher'd it:
On vellum smooth the lines were scrawl'd,
Within stamp'd borders, edg'd with gold.
"'Tis," cries Belinda, "from the marquis!"
Her lovely brow no longer dark is:
White taper fingers, trembling, tear
The roseate work so neat and fair,
When (O blest sight!) the peas appear!
A joyful, half-hysteric, cry
Proclaim'd aloud love's victory!

Her lucky stars the maiden blesses—
The matron scarce less joy expresses;
Forthwith a privy-council sits,
To judge what best the case befits:
Whether the peas they shall re-sell,
Or *eat*—each loving peas so well.
A speedy sale the dame prefers,
Till, sudden, a new thought occurs.

"To end," she said, "this wise debate,
The peas we'll neither sell nor eat;
Yet they shall go another journey—
I'll send them to my friend, th' attorney,
Who has that suit of mine in hand—
What lawyer can a bribe withstand?
A timely tribute to the laws
May gain, perhaps, a widow's cause."

Pleas'd was the sapient man of law
When he the verdant present saw;
And still more pleas'd his gentle mate,
Whose bowels yearn'd the peas to eat.
But when she found that, in despite

Of her most eager appetite,
Her spouse design'd them for a client,
The lady grew most uncompliant;
She storm'd—she *swore!*—it would not do—
For each of *her* oaths he swore two!
Persisting in his harsh denial,
There was a famous battle-royal;
And (what's more wonderful to say,)
*For once* the husband gain'd the day!

To this same client's grand chateau
(Some duke he was—no matter who,)
Now follow we the vagrant treasure,
To mark dame Fortune's further pleasure.

Complacency the great man eyes,
And much commends the dainty prize:
Just then, to pay his prompt devoir,
Our marquis enters the *boudoir!*
Instant he recogniz'd the basket—
The truth was out! what need to ask it?
The very flow'rs lay scatter'd by,
Which he had cull'd so daintily!

"O false Belinda! faithless maid!"
Inaudibly the marquis said:
In fact he thought her a sad jade.

What man that loves can, pleas'd, discover
Another, and *more favor'd*, lover?
Though the *great man* was somewhat *small*,
Or what some people *dwarfish* call;
And just as lovely to the sight
As Walter Scott's fam'd wizard wight;
Yet jealousy to err so prone is,
The marquis thought him—*an Adonis!*
With love and jealousy so hearted,
He made excuse, and soon departed.

The marquis to Belinda flies,
Dread fury flashing from his eyes!
And now the threaten'd war he wages!
And now the bursting tempest rages!
At first, Belinda—scar'd—amaz'd—
Shrunk back, and thought her lover craz'd:
Now, anger conqu'ring fear, she rallied,
And on the foe with vigor sallied.

'Twas *tongue-war;* for I can't suppose
Those well-bred lovers came to blows.
Now when this war was at its height,
And Vict'ry hover'd o'er the fight,
Deciding on whose crest to light,
*In came the fatal peas again!*
And Reason took her turn to reign!
"That I may solve," the marquis cries,
"This mystery of mysteries,
O maid! I crave an armistice."

The duke, who felt, like many more,
Of fair Belinda's charms the pow'r,
Had sent, his high respect to shew,
The peas which came so *apropos.*
Poor man! he little thought, I ween,
That *hers they twice before had been!*

Sudden, like bolt from heav'n, came
Conviction—with conviction—*shame.*

The marquis couch'd beneath her glance
Of stern, but heav'nly, radiance:

She seem'd an angel from on high,
Bright in celestial panoply.

The contrite lover's tender pleadings;
Th' offended beauty's sharp upbraidings;
What sighs he breath'd—what tears she shed—
And all he vow'd—and all she said—
Till reconcilement, with a kiss,
Seal'd a fair bond of future bliss.
This scene we pass as nothing rare—
All know what lovers' quarrels are.

Now, once more, on the floor's rich cover,
(Round work of Brussels,) kneels the lover.

"Oh! be thou kinder yet!" he cried,
"Since thou to be my blooming bride
Hast promis'd—now, in pity, yield—
And let thy promise be fulfill'd!
In pity, on thy slave bestow
That bliss his bosom burns to know—
And, lest fresh crosses intervene,
Be his—while yet these peas are green."

The maid (as other maidens do
When thus presumptuous lovers sue,)
Blush'd—and, with smiling downcast eyes
And wishful heart, the suit denies—
Denies, to be more strongly press'd:
Some pretty fears, too, were express'd—
Should she too speedily consent,
Too speedily they might repent;
Ere long she might become his scorn—
A wife forsaken and forlorn;
Perhaps some beauty's lovelier charms
Might tempt him from her faithful arms—
Ah! should he ever *her* forsake,
Her tender heart would surely break!
Her maiden scruples, one by one,
Vanish'd like snow-flakes in the sun.
O blissful courtship! heav'nly parley!
There's none can estimate it fairly,
But those who have enjoy'd the bliss—
The *thrillings* of a scene like this.

One point unsettled yet remain'd—
"Mamma's consent must be obtain'd."

Sly rogue! she knew her mother's mind
Had long been to the match inclin'd.
Th' aspiring matron, worldly wise,
The marquis deem'd a golden prize
Worth stale punctilio's sacrifice.
She, therefore, readily consented—
To what she could not have prevented;
For, though the lovers pray'd consent,
Beshrew them! 'twas mere compliment—
Piously as they *talk'd* about it,
They would have done the deed without it!

Surmise I this; but certain am,
Next day, in church of *Notre-dame*,
Love gave to Hymen's torch its flame,
And this fond pair one flesh became.
That night, in silver tureen plac'd,
The peas adorn'd the nuptial feast—
Their hist'ry tickled ev'ry guest.

Reader! if you're not pleas'd, the fault
Lies in my want of attic salt.
You'll say, perhaps—"Your 'peas' want relish—

Wit both to season and embellish."
My culinary art, at best,
Affords a dish but plainly dress'd;
*Profess'd* cooks often *over*-do it,
So that weak stomachs sometimes rue it—
Mine's wholesome, and you're welcome to it.

## LUCY.

I.

How wildly-sad yon shepherd's look,
  His white locks streaming in the breeze!
Intent he eyes the rippling brook
  Where many a chequer'd moonbeam plays.

II.

There, at the peaceful hour of eve,
  While silence wraps the sleeping grove—
Save where the rill's light billows heave,
  And Philomel sings notes of love;

III.

As constant as the coming hour,
Inclining o'er a pendant rail,
He fondly yields to mem'ry's pow'r—
And broods—till thought and reason fail!

IV.

In life's gay morn, when hope was strong,
And love and rapture mark'd the scene,
He courted Lucy, blithe and young—
The loveliest on the village green.

V.

Their breasts with wild emotions glow'd,
And sanguine love tried many a lure
To have the mutual wish allow'd—
But, ah! the shepherd-lad was poor.

VI.

Driven from her home by cruel pride,
He left his love to mourn its pow'r;
Where she, Hope's fost'ring beam denied,
Droop'd like a pale neglected flow'r.

VII.

Bereft, at last, of Reason's aid,
(The sad effect of hopeless love!)
One summer's eve the fair one stray'd—
And sought, unseen, the silent grove.

VIII.

Poor girl! she reach'd yon fatal stream—
Need more the pensive muse relate?
No—let remembrance close the theme—
Too well you guess poor Lucy's fate.

## THE COTTAGE.

I.

Sweet Cottage! abode of true joys!
The home of Contentment and Health!
Nor Envy, nor Care, thee annoys—
The constant companion's of Wealth.

II.

There Nature, untainted by art,
Shines bright in each joy-dimpl'd face;
There no gaudy trappings impart
A borrow'd and pride-giving grace.

III.

The peasant quits early his bed,
And labors with unruffl'd brow;
While at home Dorcas bakes the brown bread,
Or hastes with her pail to the cow.

IV.

And Sue, Nature's loveliest child,
Apparell'd in garments she spun,
Like the morn, smiles refreshing and mild,
And rises each day with the sun.

V.

And, scorning at toil to repine,
Since to toil is the cottager's doom,
She feeds both the poultry and swine,
And within plies the needle and broom.

VI.

Love and Peace reign throughout the glad day,
And, when its employments are o'er,
The young, on the green, meet to play—
The elder, to chat in the bow'r.

VII.

What time the sun's lingering light
Crowns with gold the blue hills in the west,
And birds, that rejoice not in night,
Fly twitt'ring and shy to their rest.

VIII.

Refresh'd by the apple's bright juice,
The husbandman frolics and jokes;
Else a ballad, a tale, or the *news*,
Amuses his mind as he smokes.

IX.

And, hark! the lorn songster of night—
What melody flows from his bill!
As he hails the round moon's silver light,
And echo replies from the hill.

X.

Meet season for love-tale, which falls
In sweet concord on maiden's pleas'd ear!
For Truth, which flies cities and halls,
Here reigns in her own proper sphere.

XI.

Nor joyless is Winter to these,
Though its blasts lovely Nature deform—
In their cot dwell Contentment and Peace,
Nor heed they the voice of the storm.

XII.

There the traveller, chancing to stray,
Finds welcome, a guide, and good cheer;
And, if misery darken his way,
The solace of Sympathy's tear.

XIII.

There oft the poor pilgrim, forlorn,
Both his frame and his spirits repairs,
And pays his kind host, in return,
The rich treasure of blessings and pray'rs.

## CINTHIA'S DWELLING.

I.

O Peace! thou nymph benign and meek,
How many mortals vainly seek
  Thy smiles to cheer their travels;
How oft, by Fancy led astray,
They turn to Vice's flow'ry way,
Till Reason, with her friendly ray,
  Their blind mistake unravels.

II.

Turn, pilgrim, from its mazes turn,
And Truth's unerring guidance learn,
  Each mist of doubt dispelling—
Bend thy lorn footsteps down the vale
To where yon shrubs their sweets exhale,
And there the white-rob'd goddess hail
  In Cinthia's humble dwelling.

III.

Unnumber'd beauties mark the spot—
The woodbine twines around the cot,
  The rural picture aiding;
In front a gentle current flows,
Whose murmurs yield the soul repose;
And on its verge majestic grows
  An oak—the scene o'ershading.

IV.

Peace long has dwelt in Cinthia's cot,
And still endears her humble lot,
  Each gloomy care repelling:
Virtue and Wisdom there abide,
With Beauty, unimpair'd by Pride,
And Health, with Hebé by her side,
  The joys of Cinthia's dwelling.

## THE HERMIT.

I.

Behold yon poor Hermit slow-pacing the vale,
While the wind waves his ringlets of snow;
Full oft has the desert-breeze moan'd at his tale,
And the wild flood been fed with his woe.

II.

See those tear-furrow'd cheeks, where the roses once bloom'd,
Which the dimple of joy often wore,
Now, pale as the lily, their blossoms consum'd,
And the dimple of joy smiles no more.

III.

See those eyes, which once sparkl'd with youth's brightest fire,
Frown dim with Affliction's sad tear;
And that form, whose soft grace could each virgin inspire,
Now wither'd—decrepit—and drear.

IV.

Like the roe-buck, I've seen him bound swift o'er the lawn,
When young Love gave his bosom delight;
But, alas! the gay prospects of Hope's smiling dawn
Soon were lost in the shadows of night.

V.

In the sunshine of youth, when his pulse with warm love
Throbb'd responsive to Emma's soft tongue,
With the voice of persuasion, he woo'd like the dove,
And excell'd the gay lark in his song.

VI.

Ah! sudden and sad, child of grief! was thy lot,
Clouds and storms quickly gather'd around—
'Twas the tempest of fate—for Love's vows were forgot—
And despair bow'd thy head to the ground.

VII.

He lov'd the fair Emma—ah! lov'd her so true;
With what fervor he courted her smiles!
But seduction (foul demon!) its snare basely threw—
And he saunters a prey to its wiles.

VIII.

Secluded, e'er since, from the world's wicked strife,
Oft the valley has echo'd his sighs;
But Religion's mild beam gilds his winter of life,
And his soul rests her hope in the skies.

## ODE TO FANCY.

I.

O Fancy! on thy airy wing,
With magic song, with fairy flow'rs,
Thy soul-entrancing visions bring,
And woo with smiles the weary hours:
For soon, I ween, the throb of woe
Will make the song of fond complaining;
And soon thy sweet flow'rs cease to blow,
And leave, alas, but thorns remaining.

II.

O! when the lark, with dewy wing,
  Up-flies to greet the laughing morn;
When, in full concert, wildly ring
  The woods—and man alone's forlorn—
O then let thy creation glow!
  O Fancy! join the warbling throng,
Ere storms, invidious, round me blow,
  And kill thy flow'rs, and choke thy song.

III.

And oft at evening's hour, reclin'd
  Beside some wild brook's willow'd stream,
While to soft plaints of dying wind
  The voice of music aids my dream;
There, as the sun's last ling'ring fire
  Bedecks with gold the tremb'ling wave.
O Fancy! thou my soul inspire,
  And from Despair's rude empire save!

IV.

Then soothe the lonely captive's soul:
For sweet the dream thy magic yields—
Back with excursive mem'ry roll
And lead him o'er his native fields.
O paint the grove, and paint the cot,
Where roses twin'd the brow of love—
Pour sweet oblivion o'er his lot,
And round in fairy-circles move.

V.

And ere thy sylvan shadows flee—
Ere pain and sorrow wake to languish—
O let his dear babes climb his knee,
And joy suspend the throb of anguish:
And let that lovelier form appear
With handmaid sylphs, in jocund train;
Waft sounds celestial through his ear,
And twine Love's garlands round his brain.

VI.

Thus, Fancy! though the throb of woe
  Soon wake the song of fond complaining,
And soon thy sweet flow'rs cease to blow—
  But leave, alas, the thorns remaining;
O Fancy! thus on frolic wing,
  With magic song, with fairy flow'rs,
Thy soul-entrancing visions bring,
  And woo with smiles the weary hours.

# THE LOVERS OF THE ALPS.

VERSIFIED FROM KEATE'S TALE OF "RODOLPHO AND MATILDA."

I.

Now when the Alpine heights deep snow o'erspreads,
And forms unreal hills and faithless plains,
The blood-chill'd traveller with caution treads,
Whilst fear, invincible, his bosom pains.
The crescent snow, now nodding o'er the steep,
In form terrific, by an eddying gale
Is plung'd in air—and soon the pond'rous heap
With one vast length of ruin fills the vale—
Aghast, the ill-starr'd traveller espies
The congregated mass—beholds—and dies!

II.

Deep in a vale, beneath a mountain's shade
Whose lofty summit mock'd the climber's toil,
Dwelt fair Matilda, Nature's blooming maid,
The sweetest blossom of her native soil.
Full many a swain had felt her beauty's pow'r,
And to her ear avow'd a faithful flame—
Full many a swain had sought the fair one's bow'r,
And on each tree inscribed Matilda's name:
But vain their loves—none could her breast inspire—
None (save Rodolpho,) cause a mutual fire.

III.

Rodolpho was of ev'ry grace possess'd—
Of youth the envy, and the pride of age;
His shining virtues Slander half-confess'd,
And Wisdom's self pronounc'd that he was sage.
Early he learn'd to prize a rural life,
Where smiling Peace and Contemplation dwell—
Was taught to shun the noisy city's strife
By grey-hair'd shepherds, wont to counsel well.
He saw Matilda—soon a holy fire
Sprang in their breasts and kindled chaste desire.

IV.

But such, alas! is man's unhappy lot,
  Hope cheers awhile with visionary joys;
Then woe, the bane of palace and of cot,
  Succeeds—and Hope's bright pageantry destroys!
Come, muse of Keate! inspire the verse I sing—
  Lend thy strong influence to my feeble lyre!
Call'd forth by Hymen, now on Love's light wing,
  The bridegroom flies to greet his soul's desire—
Ah! fly not thus to seal thy hapless lot—
Nor haste so joyous to the fatal spot.

V.

How soon his transports change to dread amaze,
  When, where Matilda's dwelling lately stood—
Near which the peaceful flocks were wont to graze,
  Where pilgrims sojourn'd, and where dwelt the good—
A scene of wild confusion meets his eyes,
  (Sad scene for him, and source of direst woe!)
Nor flocks, nor well-known cottage he espies,
  But in their place—*a cumbrous pile of snow!*
From the near Alp, that morn, the fatal mound
Fell on the roof, and crush'd it to the ground.

VI.

The shepherds met to lend their anxious aid;
And from the ruins, now by shepherd's borne,
Once more in sight appears the luckless maid,
Blooming in death, and lovely as the morn:
That native smile, which charm'd each feeling heart,
Still, as in sleep, adorn'd her angel face—
While with seraphic beauty shone each part,
And bridal trappings heighten'd ev'ry grace!
Ah! where are now thy promis'd transports fled?
Death is thy portion—and the Grave thy bed!

VII.

The deadly anguish of Rodolpho's breast
What tongue can utter, or what heart conceive?
Despair's sad image, lo! he stands confess'd,
And pallid sorrow marks him for the grave.
On the fair corse are fix'd his straining eyes;
In frantic calls he spends his latest breath;
Pale as the snow, at length, Rodolpho dies,
And joins Matilda in the bed of death.
Still all the vale their memory revere,
While pity drops a tributary tear.

## DELIA.

I.

Sweet is the violet's humid leaf
  That spangles with the morning dew;
But, ah! sweet flow'r, in my belief,
  My Delia's far more sweet than you.

II.

White is the lily's humble crest,
  That sweetly smiles in yonder vale;
But whiter far my Delia's breast,
  Unknown to ev'ry blighting gale.

III.

And beauteous is the blushing rose,
Whose buds the spring expands to view;
But Delia's cheek more freshly glows,
And through each season keeps its hue.

IV.

The violet sweet—the lily fair—
And beauteous rose—such charms impart:
In Delia they have form'd a snare
That has enslav'd her Sylvio's heart.

## ENVY.

Say, who is she with wrinkled brow,
With eye of fire, and cheek of snow;
Her hair all matted, lank and thin,
Her mouth stretch'd wide with hellish grin;
Whose gnashing teeth are black as jet,
And most irregularly set,
And which, by pressing, wound her tongue,
Which now hangs out, all gor'd and long;
Whose chin's protub'rant, sharp, and crook'd;
Whose lips are white; whose nose is hook'd?
Behold! one eye is thrown askance—
The other turns an inward glance

Upon herself—deep in her head
Sunk, like a pebble in its bed;
And, horrible to say, beside,
Her breasts are shrivell'd, black, and dried!

"Say, who is she, this frightful dame?"
I cried, amaz'd, appall'd;
Genius replied—"From hell she came,
And ENVY is she call'd!"

## BEAUTY.

But now the picture we'll reverse,
And BEAUTY's dazzling charms rehearse.
She, on a glitt'ring chariot drawn,
Comes slowly o'er the velvet lawn;
Four milk-white steeds, in rich array,
Proud of their charge, and young and gay,
(Their harness all with gold inlaid,)
Like those bright coursers which, 'tis said,
Apollo drives—lead on the maid.
Rich gems the vehicle adorn,
More luminous than pearls of morn—
Like stars they seem. The axletree
One mass of gold appears to be;
The spokes are wrought most daintily.

All loose the maiden's ringlets flow,
Divided, graceful, on her brow;
Whence down her lily neck they fall,
And weave, unbid, the lover's thrall.
In all her fair angelic mien
Softness and symmetry are seen.
Her snow-white forehead is the throne
Of graces which are all her own.
In her arch'd brow may be descried
A dignity exempt from pride;
Yet seem her eyes sometimes to turn
From gay to grave, from soft to stern;
So oft, in heav'n's ethereal blue,
Appear to Fancy's dazzl'd view
Phantoms of various shape and hue.

Her cheeks, to paint with tints divine,
The lily and the rose combine;
But of her voice, ah! who can tell?
More sweet than sweetest poet's shell—
Than Orpheus' strains more magical!

## THE COMPLAINT.

I.

O say, cruel Delia, whose mandate severe
  Bids me wander an exile forlorn,
Canst thou doom my sad bosom to languish in fear,
  And in absence, dull absence, to mourn?
Ah! revoke the hard sentence; 'tis fraught with despair;
  It consumes every joy of my breast:
Let Hymen's bright torch light this lab'rinth of care,
  And thy arms be my haven of rest.

II.

As a flow'r, when the sun has withdrawn his warm rays,
And rude winds blow untimely around,
Forsaken, uncherish'd, in chilness decays,
And its head sadly droops to the ground;
So I, doom'd the sunshine of love to forego,
And to mourn the cold progress of time,
Must droop 'neath the premature winter of woe,
And decay (like the flow'r,) in my prime.

III.

Then in pity, dear maid, take my soul from suspense;
Banish scruples thy prudence would form;
Though in life's tender spring, Love shall be thy defence,
And his bow'r screen thee well from each storm.
Oh relent—nor delay the blest moment, my fair;
For delay chills the hope of my breast:
Let Hymen's bright torch light this lab'rinth of care,
And thy arms be my haven of rest.

## THE BIRTH-DAY.

I.

Though Autumn's sear and drooping leaf
  Bespeaks fair Nature's fast decay,
Oh! let the muse arrest the thief
  That hastes to steal her charms away:
Let Time, for once, relenting yield
  The rural sports of blooming May,
And Flora deck the verdant field,
  To welcome Delia's natal day!

II.

But, ah! my muse, thy wish is vain;
For still the wither'd tokens fall,
While rustling winds but mock my strain,
And ask me, "who can time recall?"
Yet though, ere long, the skies will low'r,
And tyrant Winter bear the sway!
Still Nature cheers the passing hour,
And hails my Delia's natal day.

III.

Full many autumnal beauties smile,
And fling their perfum'd breath around;
And still the grove's wild notes beguile,
And wake to love with witching sound:
Then let the heart of Love rejoice,
And shepherds chant the sportive lay,
While gladden'd Nature lifts her voice
To hail my Delia's natal day.

## NO RULE WITHOUT AN EXCEPTION.

I.

Lady Bab said, one day, to her rakehelly lord,
"Lord Bob, like a brute you behave to me;
An alien from bed, and an alien from board:
Pray what am I more than a slave to ye?
But 'tis all my own fault; for I acted the fool
In taking this maxim for truth—
'That *they* make the best husbands (a curs'd lying rule,)
Who have been wicked dogs in their youth.'"
"The rule is a good one, (Lord Bobby replied,)
If reform but prove clear to perception;
But, however, my dear, it must not be denied,
There is '*no rule without an exception.*'"

II.

A few days after this matrimonial duet,
My lady herself was caught tripping;
John was knock'd down the stairs by my lord, in a pet,
And my lady scarce 'scap'd a horse-whipping.
"Oons, madam!" he cried, "when I tied the curs'd noose,
It was on this precious wise rule—
'That a girl of true spirit is never so *loose*
As one who is tame and a fool.'"
"The maxim, no doubt, (she replied,) appear'd good
To your lordship's most sapient perception;
But, you know, my dear lord, it is well understood,
There is '*no rule without an exception.*'"

# THE TABLET OF FAME.

## An Allegory.

### ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

I.

Why weeps the genius of our conquering isle?
  Why with such sorrow heaves her throbbing breast?
Though on her cheek sits Glory's radiant smile,
  And new-reap'd honors crown her blooming crest.
Now smiling Joy Britannia's bosom cheers—
And now usurping Grief dissolves in tears.

II.

Behold swift-flying through the shout-rent air,
Deck'd with proud laurels Fame her mission brings—
"Britons have conquer'd!" doth her voice declare;
But grief is borne upon her agile wings—
"Britons have conquer'd!" is the glorious strain,
"And still triumphant brave the hostile main!"

III.

Now Joy, elate, (but transient in her reign—
Too often transient where her smile most charms,)
Her empire holds, till Grief's corrosive pain
Blasts her fair tints, and all her pow'r disarms.
Britannia's breast no more with triumph glows—
Fame ends her tale—but Sorrow marks the close.

IV.

"Weep, weep!" she cried, while from her lucid eyes
Gush'd the big tear that dimm'd their joyful beam,
"Behold this name—your nation's darling prize—
And mourn the gloomy sequel of my theme"—
She spake, then on her tablet wrote, (and sigh'd,)
"NELSON!—who bravely fought—who bravely died."

# BRITONS STILL SHALL TRIUMPH!

## A Patriotic Song.

(Tune: "God save the King.")

WRITTEN DURING THE THREATENED INVASION OF THE FRENCH.

I.

Should the fell tyrant dare
England's repose to mar,
Soon will he rue:
Britons, who Freedom prize,
And a vile foe despise,
Will, with fierce vengeance, rise
Gallant and true.

II.

Then will our volunteers,
Brave, and uncheck'd by fears,
Boldly advance;
Crush each invading knave,
And, by their conduct brave,
Their envied country save
From haughty France.

III.

Soon will the projects, then,
Of the proud Corsican
To ruin fall:
Let him new schemes devise—
England his arts defies,
And will triumphant rise
Over them all!

IV.

Soon will he find, that still
We our fam'd ardor feel
In Britain's cause;
That we disdain to yield
While we can weapons wield,
But will protect and shield
George and our Laws.

V.

God is our sure defence;
And with full confidence
Still let us sing—
While all our hearts unite
Firmly to guard each right—
God give us strength and might—
God save our King!

## ELEGIAC STANZAS,

### ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED FATHER.

"Wait the great teacher Death."—Pope.

I.

Ah! mortals—blind to fate's unfailing doom—
Deaf to each lesson that the grave conveys—
Say, can you shudder at the darksome tomb,
And wander still in guilt's forbidden maze?
What boots our lamentation o'er the sod,
Or the sad deluge of o'erwhelming tears,
If still, rebellious to the will of God,
We seek the haunt where tempting vice appears,
Or fly religion's balm to shake with heathen fears.

II.

Now, while my bosom mourns the work of Death,
And filial love bedews a father's tomb,
Come, O my muse! with cypress-woven wreath,
Record his virtues, and proclaim his doom.
Ah me! Affection writhes beneath the blow;
Mirth yields her song to Sorrow's plaintive strain;
Benign Religion breathes a sigh of woe;
And Grief, oppressive, saddens all the train—
E'en meek-ey'd Patience weeps—but weeps, alas, in vain!

III.

And as fond mem'ry, wand'ring o'er the past,
Reviews each act of virtue that endear'd—
How many bosoms, torn by fate's keen blast,
Shar'd his compassion, while his bounty cheer'd;
How, through each scene of fond, domestic love,
Wisely and truly he perform'd his part—
Ah! who can wonder such a loss should move,
Or blame the sad effusions of the heart?
Cold, cold must be the breast that knows not Pity's smart.

IV.

Torn by the ravages of wan disease,
Calm and resign'd, he kiss'd th' afflictive rod;
Though from his couch fled sleep's consoling ease,
One balm had he—Assurance in his God.
O Faith! thou pillar of the Christian's soul!
Though far to sea our fragile bark be driv'n;—
Though o'er our heads the gather'd tempests roll,
And life's last stay by winds and waves be riv'n—
Thou, Faith, unhurt, surviv'st, and point'st our thoughts to heav'n.

V.

Then, O my soul! these bursting throes restrain,
And fall, ye sorrow-streaming tears, no more.
Mourn'd I erewhile to see a father's pain,
Yet dare I, impious, his release deplore?
O ye! whose grief yet mingles with the dew
Of heav'n's own tears—sad tribute of your love—
Not to the grave, sweet mourners, bound your view,
But O! let Piety the veil remove,
And shew your ravish'd sight—there is a heav'n above.

## JULIA'S COTTAGE.

Sweet seat of innocence and peace,
May thy pure joys know no decrease!
May Plenty still with thee abide;
And Health at each repast preside!
May scowling Care ne'er lift thy latch;
Nor Envy dwell beneath thy thatch!

What foretaste of a bliss divine
Would charm each sense, were Julia mine!
With joy I'd hail her humble cot,
Nor wish a more exalted lot:
Let princes live in splendid state,
And Pomp attend the rich and great;
The bliss *my* bosom seeks to prove
Is rural peace—with Julia's love.

## ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN BIRD,

Who died in consequence of a fall from his horse, on his return from Droitwich Annual Feast, 30th Sept., 1805.

I.

Heard'st thou that bell? its solemn sound
Yet lingers in my ear;
A gloom, unwonted, hangs around,
And Pleasure, struck with awe profound,
Stops in her wild career.

II.

Oh! 'twas Death's knell! for one it rung
Whose mem'ry all hearts prize—
Behold what thousands move along,
Mute Sorrow chaining ev'ry tongue—
Tears gushing from all eyes!

III.

No worldly int'rest now benumbs—
No rage inflames the soul—
Pure feeling reigns—those mournful drums
Proclaim the sad procession comes
With deep funereal roll.

IV.

For whom, for whom, thus freely fall
Those tears of silent woe?
Whose fate from natures rude can call
Such floods of grief to grace his pall?
Alas! for *Bird* they flow.

V.

For Bird—who, Valor's darling son,
His banner scarce unfurl'd,
Promis'd bright Glory's course to run—
But, ah! untimely sets that sun
Just rising on the world!

VI.

For him yon slowly-moving train,
Arrang'd with martial art,
By duty summon'd, to the strain
Of music sadly sweet, sustain
Their melancholy part.

VII.

Mourn, Patriots, mourn! your cause has lost
A champion bold and brave—
Oh! if bright Honor e'er emboss'd
Th' escutcheons of the patriot-host,
Let Honor deck his grave!

VIII.

Wit's flown; and lifeless is that heart
Where social virtues reign'd:
In mirth, right fond to bear a part,
His soul shone forth, devoid of art,
Gay, noble, unrestrain'd!

IX.

Alas! Mirth's dimples are eras'd,
And stopp'd is Laughter's breath:
But now, in Momus' temple plac'd—
His form the joyous banquet grac'd—
That form lies stiff in death!

X.

Man's days are few, and soon depart—
And life's best tenure's frail;
But when, from ambush aim'd, Death's dart,
Invidious, strikes the youthful heart,
Fear mingles with our wail.

XI.

But hence be dark despondence driv'n—
Enslaver of the mind!
Come, PIETY! to *thee* is giv'n
(Blest solace!) Confidence in Heav'n—
Which all who seek shall find.

## DIRGE,

PERFORMED AT THE GRAVE OF HARLEQUIN.

I.

Here lies a youth, who, like a flow'r,
  Was late in gayest bloom array'd;
But (cruel fate!) a rival's pow'r
  This blossom, like a frost, decay'd.

II.

Love dwelt within his tender breast —
  His lov'd-one equal love return'd;
For both, with vows of faith, confess'd
  The flame that in their bosoms burn'd.

III.

Alas! how quickly woe succeeds
  The pleasures man enjoys on earth!
How soon that heart with anguish bleeds
  Which late was fill'd with joy and mirth!

IV.

Ye lovers! let your bosoms swell
  With pity for Lorenzo's fate—
Torn from his heart's belov'd, he fell
  A victim to a Rival's hate!

## THE DEITY.

FROM PHILANDER'S EPISTLE TO EUSEBIUS, IN BLANK VERSE.
*Rowe's Letters.*

O Pow'r supreme! Bright Excellence unknown!
All Nature's works thy glorious being own—
Through ev'ry scene—through ev'ry fair disguise
*Thou* charm'st our souls—delight'st our wondring eyes.
That rosy blush which blooms on Beauty's face;
Those smiles seraphic, and that heav'nly grace,
From *Thee* receive their charms—their conquering pow'rs—
Amidst the blessings which thy bounty show'rs!

Borne on the balmy breezes of the west,
In Spring's soft fragrance is thy pow'r confess'd—
From *Thee* Arabia all her sweets exhales;
*Thou* form'st the hills, and deck'st the fertile vales.

Whatever charms to dulcet strains belong—
Whether like those by old Timotheus sung—
The soul with love's soft throbs the sounds inspire,
Attune to pity, or with vengeance fire;—
'Tis *Thou* giv'st inspiration to the whole,
And wak'st the music that inthrals the soul.

But oh! Great Source of Glory! who can tell
Those wondrous beauties which *all thought* excel?—
Beauties which never mortal eye yet saw,
Nor Fancy, in her boldest flight, could draw.

Yet from Thy Glory shine some glimm'ring rays,
Whose light oft cheers us through the world's dark maze;
Some soft celestial voice our hopes inspires,
Invites our souls, and kindles warm desires—
Hopes and desires that, with a boundless flight,
Break through the gloom of soul-absorbing night,
And seek thy presence in the Realms of Light!

## THE ROSE.

I.

Sweet blushing rose, that bloom'st so gay
  On yon impervious thorn,
Ere long thou'lt droop and fade away—
  Or from thy stalk be torn!

II.

Unconscious flow'r! whose fragrant breath
  Thy op'ning buds exhale,
Knew'st thou each blast were big with death,
  Sure *fear* would make thee *pale*.

III.

Just semblance of all human state!
In youth's bright sunshine warm,
Like thee, we dread no change of fate,
Nor heed the wint'ry storm.

IV.

And, lo! in manhood's blooming prime,
Heart-blighting griefs decay;
Or, wither'd by the hand of Time,
Like thee, we die away.

## ANOTHER.

I.

See yonder flow'r, fair Nature's pride,
Whose tints reflect the ray of morn,
With roseate charms, expanding wide,
Seems proud of beauties newly born.

II.

Vainly it lifts its blushing crest,
And round it balmy odour flings—
While each young flow'ret shuns the test,
And shrinks with envy as it springs!

III.

Yet, ah! this flow'r, so proudly gay,
Unmatch'd in all the chequer'd vale,
Whose sweets compose the breath of May—
Whose charms all eyes with pleasure hail;

IV.

This darling gem of Nature's birth,
Ere long, when blighting night-storms fly,
Nipt in its bloom, will shrink to earth,
And, like the puny wild-flow'r, die.

V.

Then let, vain man! its fate convey
A lesson to thy wayward heart:
O think, lest pride should lead astray,
How life and all its dreams depart.

## THE CHILD OF SORROW.

I.

How blest are they of health possess'd,
Content and peace of mind!
Beyond the sons of greatness blest—
Such bliss they rarely find.

II.

Ah me! that I so long should feel
Affliction's iron hand!
Such *constant* grief, that Fortune's wheel
Seems wearied to a stand.

III.

Now, when strong youth, with spirits gay,
Should animate my frame,
I, in life's prime and early day,
Know health *but by its name.*

IV.

And 'neath dark Melancholy's pow'r,
I mope as one forlorn;
And, impious, rue my natal hour—
And weep that I was born!

V.

While village swains, at day's decline,
Their rural gambols play,
Instead of joy, *despair is mine*—
I, sighing, turn away—

VI.

And seek, alone, some deep retreat,
To commune with my grief;
And ponder man's unhappy state
In ev'ry falling leaf.

VII.

The bird that pours its warbling throat
Near yon sequester'd grot,
But mocks me with its cheerful note,
And bids me shun the spot.

VIII.

Though smiling Nature robes each field,
And blossoms on each tree,
Her gaily-lavish'd beauties yield
No joy, alas! to *me*.

IX.

Uncheer'd, I view the bright sun rise,
Or paint with gold the west;
His glories *lighter* hearts may prize—
They cannot soothe *my* breast.

X.

Joy's not for me—no cheering ray
Bespeaks a happier morrow:
Time but confirms me, each new day,
The ill-starr'd "Child of Sorrow."

## INVOCATION TO PEACE.

WRITTEN DURING THE FRENCH WAR.

I.

Come, Peace, fair goddess! with benignant sway,
  Spread thy bright influence o'er a wearied land;
Let War no longer rule the troubled day,
  Nor bleeding Love mourn Honor's stern command;
Oh! let content, the cottage inmate, smile,
  And sweet Affection shelter from the storm;
And, freed from perils, or from bondage vile,
  Oh! let the warrior rest his mangled form!

II.

Come, rural transports! joys that quiet yields!
For ever, ah! for ever, could I stray
Where lovely Nature clothes the ripen'd fields,
And her gay songsters chant their merry lay:
For there, unsever'd by the hand of War,
United love would bless the joyous vale;—
Hymen, instead of Mars, would mount the car,
And sounds of concord float on ev'ry gale.

III.

Nor are thy blessings, bounteous Peace! confin'd
To scenes where Love and rural Nature smile:
*Commerce* would spread her sails to ev'ry wind,
And *Trade*,* once more, invigorate our isle.
Come, then, blest nymph! and rule each passing hour!
Oh! cherish all that love to cherish *thee*—
Let tyrant War forego his ruthless pow'r,
And Discord's blasts be lull'd to melody.

* The reverse was the case. On the return of Peace, trade drooped more than ever, so that many regretted the termination of the War. Government tried to console the country, by declaring that the depression was the natural consequence of a "transition from War to Peace." The depression, however, proved of long continuance; and, even now, in the fourteenth year of general Peace, *there are* who look back, with regret, to the time of War as a season when trade most flourished. But we are a "nation" of grumblers, as well as "shopkeepers;" and never happier than when we have something to find fault with in the "state of affairs;" or can, with the least appearance of reason, *indulge* in the *comfortable* prognostic of *general ruin* and *national bankruptcy*.

## ELECTION PROMISES; OR, THE EXCISE ASPIRANT.

1820.

I.

"Election Promises!" pshaw! what's their worth?
Mark how my lord to the gull'd voter bends—
To gain your suffrage, not a slave on earth
Is more submissive to his "*best of friends!*"

II.

Most candidates, like Hamlet's player-queen,
"Protest too much"—yet cred'lous fools exclaim,
"Oh, but they'll keep their word!" *truly*, I ween,
As does that royal and *protesting* dame.

III.

Once on a time, some duke a cause espous'd,
Which, by a casting-vote was nicely won;
The great man's *gratitude* at once was rous'd,
And bursts of joy confess'd the service done.

IV.

The casting voter in his arms he press'd—
"O my dear friend! I love you—love you dearly—
What *can* I do for you? name some request!
Whate'er it be, *'tis yours*—I speak *sincerely*."

V.

Th' astonish'd burgess, freed from his embrace,
Paus'd to recover breath—then thus replied:
"Why, yes—one favor—I would ask your grace"—
"Speak!" cried the duke, "it shall not be denied."

VI.

"May't please your gracious grace, then, in our town
Dwells an Exciseman who is weak with age;
Humbly I crave—that, when he's dead and gone,
I may succeed him—and *take up his gauge*."

VII.

"You shall—by pow'rs immaculate I swear!
And would the man were dead and buried now,
Stiff as his stick!—when he's defunct, repair,
Forthwith, to claim performance of my vow.

VIII.

"*Demand* to see me, be it night or day,
Or whether I am sleeping or awake;
In country or at court—free is your way—
Council shall be suspended for your sake.

IX.

"Free ingress you shall have to *any* place—
No rule or custom shall have force t' oppose it;
Nay, I will order you shall have access
E'en to the *sanctum* of the Royal Closet.

X.

"Nought to *so kind a friend* shall be denied."
The duke and freeman now shook hands, and parted.
In a short space the ag'd Exciseman died—
For London, straight, the pleas'd plebeian started;

XI.

And to that quarter, Downing-street yclept,
He hied—and reach'd about the midnight hour;
Where his sojourn the noble statesman kept
Beset with cares—the plagues of place and pow'r.

XII.

Rumor prevailing that the Spanish King
Had well-nigh clos'd his mortal life's career,
The duke a courier had dispatch'd, to bring
First tidings of what much he long'd to hear.

XIII.

*Why* he should wish the King of Spain deceas'd
Is foreign to my tale—nor know nor care I;
But, true it is, his grace had been well pleas'd
To send his Cath'lic Kingship to Old Harry.

XIV.

And so "devoutly" hop'd that "consummation,"
"If that same messenger return," he said,
"At dead of night, waiving all form and station,
Let him have audience with me—*though in bed.*"

XV.

That night, that very night, our freeman came,
Secure the *promis'd interview* to gain—
The servants of the duke ask'd not his name
Or bus'ness—*thinking him the man from Spain.*

XVI.

Into the chamber of his grace he bounc'd—
"He's dead! he's dead!" he cried, "my lord, he's dead!"
The duke, right joyous thus to hear announc'd
His hope's fulfilment, rose erect in bed.

XVII.

"Thank God! thank God!" he cried, "and thank thee, too,
For these glad tidings—say, when did he die?"
"Last night, my gracious lord!" "Last night, man! pooh!
Excuse my freedom, friend—*but that's a lie.*

XVIII.

"Bant'ring apart, come tell me when he died?"
"Last night, my lord, from earthly sorrow freed him;
And now I come to claim, with honest pride,
Your grace's promise that I shall succeed him!"

XIX.

"Succeed him! Thou! Thou, King of Spain, indeed!
Acquaint me, royal sir, with your pretensions?"
The freeman star'd—"my lord, I would succeed
Th' Exciseman—not the King your lordship mentions."

XX.

"Ah! curse thine impudence, I know thee now,
Thou scurvy, base-born, most ill-manner'd fellow!
Out of my sight! nor ever dare to shew
Thy d——d face here again!"—with that, the pillow,

XXI.

Right in th' astonish'd voter's face, he threw,
Ungovern'd wrath distorting ev'ry feature—
Nay, from its hiding place, 'tis said, he drew
A missile of a harder, brittler, nature;

XXII.

But *that* th' affrighted visitor escap'd,
Effecting a precipitate retreat;
And cursing, as his homeward course he shap'd,
The vain, unstable, friendship of the great.

XXIII.

My tale is at its close. The duke, growing cool,
(A very placable, if not a *wise*, man,)
Laugh'd at the cred'lous voter for a fool—
And made him, *for the joke's sake*—An Exciseman!

## A CONUNDRUM.

Says Harry to Tom, in a jocular mood,
"Come, tell me, my friend, if you're witty,
Why a chandler's best deeds can't be said to be *good*,
And why he's deserving *our pity?*"
Tom guesses—and guesses. Cries Harry, "O thickhead!
Thou never will solve it aright—
Why are not the works of a chandler, sir,—*wicked?*
And do not his deeds—*come to light?*"

## DAYLIGHT'S WELCOME.

"Wish'd morning's come."—Otway.

I.

When through the long dark night we lie
  Restless—and cannot sleep at all,
How oft we look, with wishful eye,
  For day's first glimm'ring on the wall!

II.

When pain attends our thorny couch,
  And pray'rs for sleep are fruitless all,
It soothes to view the morn's approach—
  Daylight's first glimm'ring on the wall.

III.

Bless'd dawn! thy welcome still prevails,
  When, prompt at pleasure's joyous call,
Th' expectant school-boy, watchful, hails
  Daylight's first glimm'ring on the wall.

IV.

It still prevails, when, pledg'd to meet
His lady-love in bridal hall,
The joyful lover wakes to greet
Daylight's first glimm'ring on the wall.

V.

Who has not felt, through night's dark hours,
Oppressive fears his mind inthral?
And, sleep denied, what balm restores
Like day's first glimm'ring on the wall?

VI.

Dread fancies rise—of murd'rers, thieves,
Or goblins—'neath night's murky pall;
But ev'ry idle terror leaves
When day first glimmers on the wall.

VII.

Our wearied pow'rs then find repose—
And balmy sleep, tir'd Nature's call,
Obeys at length—our eyes unclose
To *day's bright sunshine on the wall!*

## THE VILLAGE ROSE.

I.

Would you behold a rose more fair
  Than e'er adorn'd th' enamell'd vale—
More fragrant than the morning air,
  Whose dews the sweets of Spring exhale—
Ah! see, in yonder native glade,
  Unblighted by the Winter's storm,
A Rose—the village boast and pride—
  In gentle Delia's angel form!

II.

Blest be the fertile soil that rear'd
A flow'r so blooming, sweet, and gay!
By many a vernal sun-beam cheer'd,
Long may those charms escape decay!
Yet fain would I transplant this flow'r,
(Still dreading every blast that blows,)
To spread delight around my bow'r,
And shield from harm the "Village Rose."

III.

There, Delia, would I mark each year
Unfold thy op'ning buds to view;
And, shouldst thou droop, a gentle tear
Should cheer thee like the morning dew;
And when at last Time's stealing hours
Bereave thee of thy roseate bloom,
And Death decays the pride of flow'rs,
I'd, pining, share my Delia's doom.

## LINES ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

No bliss so pure but subject to alloy,
And sudden grief too often damps our joy.
With this design—to try the human heart—
The gods decreed that dearest friends should part;
Man, else, would slight the end for which he lives—
Flush'd with the joys that social Friendship gives.

O, then, my *friend!*—for such I *know* thou art—
Though Fate's stern mandate dooms us now to part,
Yet may old Time (and rapid be his flight,
As when fond hearts their fervent vows first plight,
And youthful dalliance wings the hours of night,)
Bring forth the moment we again may meet,
Unchang'd in Friendship—and with bliss replete!

O Absence! proof of Friendship's sacred flame!
When chill'd by thee, what's friendship but a name?
Men *then* but court the *favors* of a friend,
And absent moments ev'ry bond suspend,
'Till, like the sun, returning pow'r he sways,
And they, like insects, bask beneath his rays.

O vile Deceit! base counterfeit of Truth!—
Whose smiles decoy the guileless heart of Youth—
Whose tongue oft makes experienc'd Age believe—
And who, when known, leav'st Youth and Age to grieve;—
How many bosoms throb beneath thy reign—
How many friends are only friends to *gain!*

Sincerity's unfeign'd and constant flame
No change allows, but ever burns the same;
Though between Friendship's vot'ries seas may roll,
Each still is present to the other's soul;
And should black Scandal, with malicious aim,
Point at a friend, and stigmatize his name,
To turn its weapons FRIENDSHIP boldly fights—
Th' undaunted champion of another's rights.

## SONNET.

### To a Lady.

And canst thou then suspect my faithful heart?
This heart which only throbs with love for *you*—
And whilst it beats will never prove untrue!
Deep in its inmost core is fix'd the dart
That Cupid shot, with well directed aim,
Some twelve months past, when first I saw those eyes,
Before whose lustre stoicism flies,
And ev'ry bosom feels a rising flame!
Banish, oh! banish from thy tender breast
Those fears obtrusive which the jealous know;
And trust me, fair one, of thy love possess'd,
I ask no greater happiness below—
For sure Elysium cannot be more blest,
When lovers' joys from mutual passion flow!

# THE MAID OF THE WOOD.

## A Song.

I.

In a neat little cottage, the seat of content,
Where the cares of the world ne'er intrude—
Where nature excels all that art can invent,
Dwells Mary the Maid of the Wood.

II.

Her face is angelic, and graceful her mien;
Her mind, too, is pious and good:
A nymph so enchanting sure never was seen,
As Mary the Maid of the Wood.

III.

In the forest I met her one morn with her sire,
As beside him she carried his food—
She blush'd—and that instant my bosom caught fire
From the charms of the Maid of the Wood.

IV.

If, by love's inspiration, I've pow'r to persuade,
(Though the world scorn a purpose so good,)
To the Altar of Hymen I shortly will lead
Sweet Mary the Maid of the Wood.

# THE RUSTIC FACTION.

## A Ballad, founded on Facts.

The following "Ballad" is descriptive of two murders which were committed in the parish of Oddingley, in the county of Worcester; the first on the 24th. of June, 1806; and the second on the day following. Concerning the latter, the facts did not transpire until the month of January in the present year, 1830, and then in the extraordinary manner described. During that interval (almost twenty-four years,) the fate of the wretched victim (who was himself the perpetrator of the first murder,) remained in obscurity. There was a suspicion, indeed, that he had fallen by violent hands; but it was merely suspicion—many persons believing an often-circulated report that he had escaped to America, and, consequently, might be still living. The following verses contain a faithful relation of facts sworn to, and, for the most part, *first divulged*, at the late Inquest; therefore, if truth be any recommendation to my Ballad, *that* it assuredly possesses.

I.

Good neighbours! listen while I tell
('Tis truth inspires my ditty,)
Of what at Oddingley befel,
Near Wor'ster's pleasant city.

II.

And though things strange have chanc'd since then
Which claim the historic page;
And boys have grown to bearded men—
And manhood sunk to age;

III.

Though *since* fierce War has round the world
His loudest clarion blown;
And kings have from their thrones been hurl'd,
And Governments o'erthrown;

IV.

Yet God's eternal justice see!
The murd'rer's deed transpires,
Obvious, though late—by that decree
Which "blood for blood" requires.

V.

O God! 'tis dreadful to behold
A teacher of thy laws
Athirst and zealous more for gold
Than for thy sacred cause.

VI.

'Tis sad to see a Christian pastor,
Forgetful of his station,
Shame his long-suff'ring, heav'nly Master,
With broils and litigation.

VII.

Woe to the man who weekly preaches
"Peace and good-will on earth,"
Yet *acts* as if the truths he teaches
Were false, or nothing worth!

VIII.

Is such the pastor of his flock,
Whose care is well-bestow'd?
Yes—as the *wolf's*, whose howlings shock
The scar'd and fleecy crowd.

IX.

Such did the men of Oddingley
Their ill-starr'd Rector deem—(1)
Extortion, tithes, and tyranny
Were still their daily theme.

X.

Though Nature o'er their smiling fields
Her rich luxuriance pours,
They're thankless for th' increase she yields
Their *decimated* stores.

XI.

Sour discontent, still day by day,
On labor's footsteps waits,
Making life gall—for Mordecai
Still hov'reth at their gates!

XII.

The house of pray'r, too, they forsook, (2)
(Save when they cavill'd loud,
In vestry met,) nor op'd that Book
Whence comfort might have flow'd.

XIII.

And one there was, whom I could name,
In rank and fortune higher
Than the base hinds—and more to blame—
Who fann'd this coal of fire.

XIV.

From discontent and murmurings deep
Loud threat'nings now arose—
Fierce as the storm, whose ocean-sweep
Wrecks all that interpose.

XV.

And, oh! let Christian eyes be dim
With pity, when I say—
They proffer'd a reward for him
Who should their Rector slay!

XVI.

'Twas Midsummer—the day was fair—
Bright shone the sun around—
Rich fragrance fill'd the ambient air—
Soft verdure deck'd the ground—

XVII.

Oh! 'twas a heav'nly day—and well
Might heav'nly feelings move:
Meet day to make man's bosom swell
With tenderness and love.

XVIII.

Was day so glorious set apart
For deed of guilt and blood?
O guile of hell!—that steels the heart
Against surrounding good.

XIX.

Beneath yon green and blossom'd fence
The lurking murd'rer crawls! (3)
The gun he points—death issues thence—
Th' unconscious Rector falls!

XX.

The cruel deed no human eye
Saw, save th' assassin's own—
But, by the sound alarm'd, drew nigh
Two trav'lers from the town.

XXI.

The ruffian fled—the men pursu'd,
And gain'd upon him fast—
'Till, threat'ning sore, the mur'drer stood—
And then they quail'd at last.

XXII.

"Lay finger on me, and, by hell!
That instant both shall die!
Lo! I have weapons—and 'twere well
You act advisedly."

XXIII.

The cravens turn'd—and far away
The villain sped amain—
Nor in the light of open day
Was ever seen again.

XXIV.

Now far and wide swift Rumor runs—
Rous'd Justice waves on high
Her glitt'ring sword—her myrmidons
Around the country fly.

XXV.

Deep woods are search'd, and cavern'd rocks,
And eke, the haunts of men—
In vain! pursuit the murd'rer mocks,
Secure within his den.

XXVI.

Suspicion's dark and scowling eye
Long on *the faction* glanc'd—
Most on its chief (4)—no scrutiny
Justice's fair cause advanc'd.

XXVII.

Thus spake Surmise—"The wretch has sped
Far on the trackless main—
Or by self-violence is dead—
Or by confed'rates slain."

XXVIII.

The strangest thing's a nine days' wonder
Loud tempests soon subside—
And this deed's noise, like distant thunder,
Now roll'd away—and died.

XXIX.

Good neighbours! once again draw near—
My harp resumes its strain;
Would you of darker doings hear,
Come, listen once again.

XXX.

Now down the rapid tide of Time
Eventful years had roll'd,
And nought transpir'd of that foul crime
More than the muse has told.

XXXI.

The rustic faction, one by one,
Their ancient homes had left;
Some changes sad had undergone—
Of worldly gear bereft.

XXXII.

Fall'n were their fortunes and their pride—
They mov'd as men forlorn;
Foredoom'd of heav'n—"their cattle died,
And blighted was their corn."

XXXIII.

Their captain, too, (so men avouch,)
Sought, yet could find no rest—
Though he died old, his dying couch
No ray of comfort bless'd.

XXXIV.

Ill thoughts to drown, he deeply quaff'd
Th' intoxicating bowl;
But *madness* curs'd the frequent draught,
And *horror* fill'd his soul.

XXXV.

God's wrath was on them day and night!
Justice, earth-born, is blind;
But, oh! from His all-searching sight
What soul can refuge find!

XXXVI.

Yet think not blood, by murder spilt,
Earth-clods will aye conceal—
Mark how the hidden deed of guilt
Strange chance may yet reveal!

XXXVII.

I've said, as men oppress'd with shame,
Most of the faction pass'd
To other homes—fresh tenants came—
And quiet reign'd at last.

XXXVIII.

With lapse of years, (twenty-and-three
Had vanish'd since that day
Of blood, and guilt, and mystery,)
Buildings, like men, decay.

XXXIX.

An ancient barn, whose shatter'd plight
A decent farm disgrac'd, (5)
Useless, at once, and rude to sight,
Was destin'd to be raz'd.

XL.

The farm in former times was till'd
By a stout yeoman bold,
Who, "jocund, drove his team a-field,"
And own'd a well-stock'd fold.

XLI.

Happy, 'till that unhappy time
When fierce dissentions rose,
Ending in Murder's awful crime—
Then fled his soul's repose.

XLII.

He droop'd, an alter'd, broken, man,
Cowering 'neath human eyes,
Like one *guilt-stain'd*—so gossip ran—
But who on such relies?

XLIII.

*The barn was raz'd*—the lab'rer's (6) spade
Had gain'd two feet i'th' ground,
When a strange sight his heart dismay'd—
Mark what the delver found—

XLIV.

*A human skeleton!* of size
Full-grown, and well-defin'd.
Anon, fresh wonders to his eyes
Appear, and bring to mind

XLV.

A kinsman, long time lost! for, see!
What damning proofs occur—
*These shoes were his!* But who was *he?*
*The Rector's murderer!!!*

XLVI.

"And, here, (the awe-struck laborer said,)
This joiner's rule, thus broken,
I'd swear upon my dying-bed,
*Was his*—'twas friendship's token."

XLVII.

Proofs thicken'd fast. The Coroner
A solemn court array'd—
Justice again was on the stir—
Numerous arrests were made—

XLVIII.

And *he*—that "alter'd, broken, man"—
Was seiz'd among the rest:
With bloodless lip, and visage wan,
The culprit thus confess'd:

XLIX.

"My name is Clewes—small was my part
In that atrocious deed,
The Rector's murder; yet, (break heart!)
Soul-sunk, I guilty plead.

L.

"*Guilty*—because I knew full well
What fiercer men design'd:
Monsters—more fit to league with hell,
Than aught of human kind!

LI.

"For him, whose bones are newly rais'd
From their unhallow'd tomb,
*I saw him slain!* My heart, amaz'd,
Revolted at his doom.

LII.

"I saw the murd'rer's soul of guilt
Forth from its temple rent
By murd'rous hands—*I* no blood spilt—
*I knew not their intent.*

LIII.

"No—though I've quail'd 'neath sin, and woe,
And shame—these hands are free
From human blood: th' assassin's blow
Was never *aim'd* by me.

LIV.

"'Twas on the morrow of that day
(Day of eternal stain!)
Which saw—what *good* men must dismay—
A Christian pastor slain!

LV.

"Saw the green turf, smiling i'th' sun,
With Christian blood besprent,
Drain'd by the hireling hands of one
On damning lucre bent.

LVI.

"'Twas on the morrow of that day
I met our faction's head,
(Fit leader in hell's darkest way!)
When thus th' arch tempter said:

LVII.

"'He's lurking yonder—we, *his friends*,
His quick escape must aid;
*Our* safety upon *his* depends—
Shun him—*and we're betray'd*.

LVIII.

"'*He must be car'd for*—and this night,
When dark, *dispatch'd from hence*—
First having, to support his flight,
*His well-earn'd recompense.*

LIX.

"'We must be prompt—'till midnight, Clewes,
Thy barn must be his lair;
I know no fitter place to choose—
*At midnight meet me there!*'

LX.

"My promise (wretch!) I render'd him,
*And kept*—with midnight came
The captain, and a man with grim
Dark visage, and stout frame; (7)

LXI.

"There was another, too—a youth,
Muffled (8)—the captain bore
A lantern, darken'd—and, in sooth,
Murd'rers we seem'd all four.

LXII.

"The barn we enter'd: silence there
Reign'd—save that round the light
The bat his dark wings flapp'd in fear,
And wheel'd his circling flight.

LXIII.

"Low spake the captain—'Richard, rise!
Rise, man! art thou awake?'
'Yes, sir!' (9)—the death-doom'd wretch replies—
'Up, then, for safety's sake!

LXIV.

"'Ere morning's dawn thou must away—
Thy course secure is made:
*For thy good work of yesterday*
We owe thee all our aid.

LXV.

"'Up, then! the bloodhounds of the law
Are out, and hunt thee hard—
Come, rouse thee from that bed of straw,
*And take thy just reward!*'

LXVI.

"Just God! 'twas then that dark stout man,
By the base captain led,
Forth on their uprous'd victim ran—
*And struck him instant dead!* (10)

LXVII.

"Forthwith they dug his hasty grave
In that unhallow'd place—
*Theirs only was the deed*—so save
My soul, O God of Grace!

LXVIII.

"Thus far, alone, I guilty plead,
In lab'ring to conceal
All vestige of that cruel deed (11)—
*I swore I'd not reveal.*

LXIX.

"I deem'd the 'muffled youth,' I knew—
If wrong, may Truth atone
For Error!—the far guiltier two
Are to *God's Judgment* gone!

LXX.

"Now, though, with other's acts compar'd,
Mine was a minor part,
Yet long has conscious sin borne hard
And heavily on my heart.

LXXI.

"Around my restless couch, at night,
Fierce hideous spectres glare,
'Midst groans, and shrieks of wild affright—
Oh! all hell's pangs are there!

LXXII.

"You've heard me now the truth relate,
And you have heard the whole—
Aid me, O God, to meet my fate—
Have mercy on my soul!" (12)

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NOTES.

(1) This character, however, ought not, in justice, to be applied to the Rev. Mr. Parker, the Rector here alluded to. He was a man of whom the poor spoke well; but, unhappily, offended his parishioners by collecting his tithes.

(2) They also expressed a desire that their servants would avoid going to Church.

(3) Richard Heming, a joiner, who was frequently employed by Captain Evans, of Oddingley.

(4) Captain Evans, before mentioned.

(5) Netherwood Farm, in the parish of Oddingley, at the time of the murder in the occupation of Thomas Clewes.

(6) Charles Burton, a carpenter, and brother-in-law to Heming.

(7) James Taylor, farrier, of Droitwich.

(8) George Bankes, as sworn by Clewes, but denied by Bankes—Bankes was then a very young man in the service, or under the protection of the Captain.

(9) His literal answer, and the last words he spoke.

(10) Taylor struck him on the head with a bloodstick, an instrument used by farriers.

(11) He carried soil, (by desire of the Captain,) to make the ground level where the unfortunate man was buried.

(12) At the time the above verses were written, the trial of the accused persons had not taken place. Contrary to the general expectation, they are *all now at large*,—no longer answerable to any tribunal, save that of an All-righteous Judge who searches the hearts of men, and where no legal subtlety will prevail. Against Bankes, and a person of the name of Barnett, an opulent farmer, who was apprehended as having a guilty knowledge of the tragical transactions described, no bill was found. A law, in being at the time of those murders, but since wisely repealed, which decreed that, in the event of the principal's escape, no accessary should be amenable, was allowed to operate in their favor: Bankes and Barnett, therefore, were not put upon their trial. Clewes, evidently most deeply implicated, was placed at the bar; but, eventally, was acquitted: partly under the operation of the old law regarding accessaries, and partly from the fact of his confession having been made under a promise, direct or implied, that efforts should be used to screen him from the penalty of his guilt. Unhappily, neither of the accused was discharged *on proof of his innocence*—no such proof appearing.

In conclusion, I cannot refrain from adverting to an occurrence which induced me to believe that I met Heming on the evening of the murder, a few hours after the perpetration of the diabolical act. My friends, who resided in the neighbourhood, and to whom I related the circumstance, were decidedly of the same opinion. I was proceeding from Pirton-Common to Worcester, where, about ten o'clock at night, and at that point of the lane whence there is a branch cartway to Whittington, I was accosted in the following singular manner:—I must observe that, though it was not (as Falstaff says,) "so dark you could not see your hand," yet the shades of evening so far obscured my vision as to prevent my seeing the man who addressed me—more especially as he happened to be on the contrary side of the hedge to myself. With a glow-worm upon my hat, (emblem of the brilliant coruscations of fancy which were playing around my brain—for it was my season of courtship,) I was silently pursuing my way along the fields—the stranger was in the lane. After hailing me abruptly, in the language of an ill-bred rustic, he proceeded to inform me that there was strange news abroad—"Somebody (said he,) has murdered the parson at Oddingley." Not giving implicit credit to the information, and knowing nothing of the reverend person alluded to, I carelessly answered—

"Indeed! and who has murdered him?" This, simple and natural enough, interrogatory threw my informant into a sudden paroxysm of rage, as startling as it was unexpected: he applied to me every epithet of violent and vulgar abuse—which might (as I then believed,) have terminated in personal assault, perhaps murder, if I had not departed, with all speed, from his dangerous vicinity. In my flight, and about two fields distant, I well-nigh stumbled against an officer's servant, who, asleep or intoxicated, was resting his head upon a gate. There was sufficient light to enable me to see that he wore a laced hat, with a military cockade.

Facts, which afterwards transpired, led me, in the aptitude of conjecture, to this conclusion—*undoubtedly the man in livery was the servant of Captain Evans!* What strengthened the supposition that Heming was the person who accosted me, was the fact of his having been seen at Whittington that same night; joined to the no less remarkable corroboration—his well-known intimacy with some cottagers in the neighbourhood of the place of encounter, whose houses were searched the day after. His apprizing me of the murder, we ascribed to the overflowing of a perturbed conscience, oftentimes unnecessarily communicative and loquacious. His subsequent violence, also, we considered equally demonstrative of a guilty conscience, ungovernably sensitive at the slightest touch.

After all, the real truth of the matter may be very remote from the inferences drawn by myself and friends; and Heming, horribly guilty as he was, touching the rude attack upon *my nerves* above described, may be *white as snow*. But the violence of the man who was my gratuitous informant was certainly remarkable; and, in a person not implicated in the bloody transaction, quite unaccountable.

## A SONG.

Tune: "Where shall the lover rest?"

I.

Now is my cash all spent,
And I'm in debt yet,
For monies to me lent,
And goods on credit.
Oh! which way shall I turn
For consolation?
How that best wisdom learn—
Calm resignation?
Pockets empty
Scarce exempt me
From desperation!

II.

Where does the error lie?
Error tremendous!
From such misfortunes, I
Pray heav'n defend us!
I must retrench, that's plain!
How? 'sdeath! I'm furious!
Don't I e'en now abstain
From things luxurious?
Oh! what miser
Can be wiser?—
I'm quite penurious!

III.

Then there's no hope for me!
None I can 'spy yet;
Debt, duns, and poverty
*Must* mar my quiet!
Ill health, (that greatest curse!)
Mental and bodily,
Still will make matters worse,
'Till 'neath the sod I lie!
Hope bereft me
What is left me—
But with my God to be!

## VERSES TO A YOUNG LADY,

ACCOMPANYING A SMALL PRESENT.

I.

As a token of love, though the boon is but small,
Oh! deign to accept what I proffer;
And could I, fair angel, *lost* treasure recall,
*Something else* would I instantly offer.

II.

But, ah! that same boon I so freely would give,
Were it mine to bestow—would you prize it?
Or would you disdain my poor gift to receive?
Ah! no—surely Pity denies it.

III.

And Reason declares—what I fear to reveal,
Though my breast fondly throbs with the notion—
That you'd surely *accept* what you scorn'd not to *steal*,
And Love quickly seconds the motion.

IV.

But, ah! since you've stolen my heart quite away,
Of that I can ne'er be the *giver*—
Accept, then, this trifle—nor doubt, when I say
I'll love and adore you for ever!

## AN ADMONITORY ADDRESS TO MY CHILDREN.

All pleasures else I'd freely give,
At home in love and peace to live;
To have no jars,
Nor infant wars,
To mar the joys
Of home with noise;
To know no ire
Beside our fire,
Whose evening-gleam
Should shew the beam
Of fondness dart
Pure from the heart,
Through the dear eyes
Of those I prize—
Each on the other;
Sister and brother,
Father and mother!
How sweet would be
Such harmony!

Thus to improve
Each hour with love;
To read the page
Of moral sage;
Or with gay talk
Dull care to balk,
And all the foes
Of sweet repose!

My children dear,
Good counsel hear!

Oh! put your trust
In th' All-wise and just—
Whose boundless view
Kens all you do!
To whose searching eye
Hearts open lie,
And ev'ry thought
With which they're fraught,
Wicked or good,
By Him they're view'd,
And duly noted—
Thence to be quoted

At that Great Doom
When Christ shall come—
That dreadful day,
When the world's awful Judge will say:—
"Go, miserable sinners, go
To torturing, endless, flames below;
There with the fall'n for ever dwell—
Hopeless inhabitants of hell!"

But, to the good—
Those who've withstood
The snares of ill,
And done His will;
Lov'd sister and brother,
Obey'd father and mother;
Never quarrell'd, or rated,
Nor soul ever hated;
Nor swore, nor lied,
Nor swell'd with pride;
Who duly pray'd
To God for aid;
Nor sabbath broke,
But bore the yoke
Of Sorrow's load,

Resign'd and good—
To such, that awful day,
Thus will th' Almighty Ruler say:—
"Come, children of love!
To my Kingdom above—
Here a glorious reward
For your truth is prepar'd!
Open wide Heaven's gates;
Let the loud trumpets sounding,
And hosannas abounding,
To myriads around,
Tell the triumph that waits
Those who faithful are found!
Blessed flock! enter in,
Freed from death—void of sin!
Here shall Virtue survive,
And eternally thrive!
Envious foe here shall never
Impede good endeavour,
Or for mastery strive!
Here Pleasure shall reign
Unalloy'd—without stain—
For ever and ever!"

And to those who once swerv'd,
But his cause have since serv'd;
Repenting each fault
Of act, word, and thought—
Recall'd from bad ways,
By the pow'r of true Grace,
To *them* will be giv'n
A welcome to Heav'n;
*He* hath said it—whose word
Never chang'd—never err'd!
Then may sinners repent
While yet they've time lent—
Take grace—and delay not—
*To-morrow* they *may not!*

And, dear children! be wise,
Take a Father's advice;
Dwell together in peace and in love;
Learn to *bear* and *forbear;*
You will have reward *here,*
But far greater in mansions above.

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